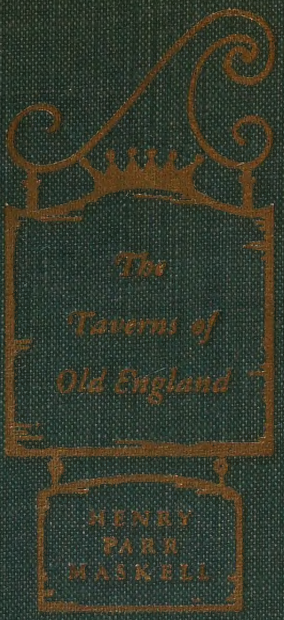

The
Taverns of
Old England
HENRY
PARR
MASKELL

Esther Somerville

The Taverns of Old England

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_T5-CWT-331

THE GEORGE, SALISBURY

Frontispiece

THE TAVERNS OF OLD ENGLAND

By

HENRY PARR MASKELL

Author of "Old Country Inns"

Illustrated by

ALAN GILL

New York

The John Day Company

1927

Printed in Great Britain

PREFACE

More than fifteen years have passed away since the Second Edition of *Old Country Inns* appeared under the joint names of Mr. E. W. Gregory and myself. The present work, although conceived somewhat on the lines of the old, is in no sense a re-issue or even a revision. With the aid of new examples and new illustrations (mostly selected from the Home Counties) it classifies the various types of inn that sheltered our fathers on their journeys ; incidentally telling the story of the old House of Call, and the part it has played in the making of our England. Perchance the sympathy of some readers may be enlisted in the movement to rescue the Public House from obloquy and neglect.

H.P.M.

"He who hath not been at a Tavern knows not what a Paradise it is. O holy Tavern! O miraculous Tavern!—holy because no carking cares are there, nor weariness, nor pain; and miraculous, because of the Spits, which of themselves turn round and round! Of a truth, all courtesy and good manners come from Taverns."

Hyperion, iii. 2.

FOREWORD

There is one passage in Mr. Maskell's interesting and suggestive book to which I would draw especial attention. He says: "In Saxon times the alewife who sold bad ale was liable to be placed on a ducking-stool, and dipped in a pool of water." The punishment was properly calculated to fit the crime, though justice might perhaps have been more poetic if the erring lady had been dipped into a pool of her own bad ale. Had succeeding generations followed this excellent Saxon custom, some of the brewers who have brought wealth to the Peerage would probably have perished prematurely at the bottom of a horse-pond. Drinking good ale is a wholesome habit, eminently Christian and eminently English, and one of the many proofs that there is something very rotten in our civilization is that so many of us are compelled to choose between bad ale and no ale at all.

Mr. Maskell is concerned to tell us something of the Inn where men should sit with their glass or their pewter pot in pleasant comradeship, enjoying the leisure that comes at the end of the well-filled day. Of all European peoples, the English are the most gregarious. They love to

gossip. The French spend a great deal of their lives in the streets, but when they go home, the front door is locked and barred. The Englishman lives with his front door open, and nothing pleases him more than to sit on the step and to talk to the passer-by. Consequently, it is in the inn, the meeting-place, the very home of gossip that, as Dickens knew so well, the Englishman is most at his ease, most characteristically himself, and therefore the story of the inn, as Mr. Maskell tells it, is to a large extent the story of England. Indeed, it may be said that decadence began in England when the kindly landlord gave way to the brewer's manager, and the inn became a public-house where men go just to drink in sordid and demoralizing surroundings. There is no reform that would so vitally affect the character and the everyday lives of work-a-day England as the reform of the public-house, and, as Mr. Maskell's pages suggest, steps forward should be steps backward. The child will not be left to shiver on the doorstep while his parents are drinking as much as possible in the shortest possible time. He will be welcomed within the doors of the house of friendship and decency where men and women are at their best, since it will be the home of happy hours.

Sidney Dark.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	PREFACE	vii
	FOREWORD BY SIDNEY DARK	ix
I.	THE MANOR HOUSE	1
II.	THE SIGN OF THE CROWN	8
III.	THE SIGN OF THE BULL	17
IV.	THE SIGN OF THE GEORGE	29
V.	THE SIGN OF THE ANGEL	41
VI.	THE SIGN OF THE WHITE HORSE	50
VII.	THE SIGN OF THE WHITE HART	57
VIII.	THE SIGN OF THE RED LION	64
IX.	THE SIGN OF THE BELL	72
X.	THE SIGN OF THE TABARD	86
XI.	THE SIGN OF THE CHECQUERS	94
XII.	THE SIGN OF THE WOOLPACK	109
XIII.	THE SIGN OF THE BOAR'S HEAD	116
XIV.	THE SIGN OF THE BULL'S HEAD	125
XV.	THE SIGN OF THE KING'S HEAD	136
XVI.	THE SIGN OF THE SHAKESPEARE	142
XVII.	THE SIGN OF THE GOAT IN BOOTS	155
XVIII.	THE SIGN OF THE COACH AND HORSES	166
XIX.	COFFEE HOUSES	179
XX.	THE SIGN OF THE LORD NELSON	189
XXI.	THE SIGN OF THE MAN LADEN WITH MISCHIEF	194
XXII.	IN PRAISE OF THE PUBLICAN	201
	EPILOGUE	208
	GLOSSARY OF SIGNS	213
	A LIST OF SOME REMARKABLE INNS	225

ILLUSTRATIONS

The George, Salisbury	*Frontispiece*
	PAGE
The Grantley Arms, Wonersh	6
The Crown, Fakenham	8
The King's Arms, Dorking	10
The Crown, Shipton	14
The Bull, Fyfield	19
The Green Dragon, Wymondham	31
The George, Salisbury	39
The George, Ightham	40
The White Horse, Shere	51
The White Horse, Sudbury	56
The Bell, Thetford	73
Old Church House, West Wycombe	80
The Rising Sun, Fetcham, Leatherhead	83
The Barley Mow, Clifton Hampden	101
The Rainbow, Near Henley	121
The Bells, Little Munden	131
The Surrey Arms, Morden	144
The Sign of the Foxhounds, Barley	159
The Bear, the old George, and the Cotswold Arms	170
The Bones Gate, Ewell	177
The Lord Nelson, Chalk	187
The Falcon, High Wycombe	192
The Sign of the Blue Ball, Bruton	204

CHAPTER I

THE MANOR HOUSE

WHILE the last streaks of daylight yet linger in the West, a wise traveller has already made up his mind where he will bestow himself and his belongings for the night. There are many doors, all vying with each other to appear hospitable. Not least among the joys of wayfaring is the process of making the momentous choice—behind which of them is his weary soul to find ease, comfort and congenial company? And then he knows that hostelries divide themselves into three classes; not that there is any real difference between them—but only an arbitrary distinction.

For instance, we may suppose the traveller has arrived at a certain little market-town, half a hundred miles from London by road and half a league from a station; and to gain some private end, seeks advice about spending the night there. Haply some hoary headed constable may inform him, "The gentry drive up to the Royal Victoria Hotel on the West Green; commercial folk go to the Bell Inn in the High Street; and then, they do

have beds at the old Sun down on the way to the river—but that's only a Public House ! "

Only a Public House ! How cruelly does the whirligig of time overturn ancient glories ! For if history and length of pedigree stood for anything in these degenerate days, we should classify the houses in exactly the reverse order, giving the place of honour to the shabby sign and worn-out barge-boarded face of that old public house by the river.

After all, what is the Hotel ? In France, the word does imply all that is spacious and dignified. But the English Hotel, whatever modern comforts and luxuries it may boast of, is no more than a mercenary upstart, left to the care of a mere manager. True, the Inn is good English for the house of a man of substance, given to hospitality ; guests therein are still welcomed by Mine Host. But the presiding genius of the Public House, be it ever so humble, is always the " Land Lord," thus reminding us that he and his abode inherit the proud traditions of the ancient Manor House and its noble owner.

The exact origin of the Manor as an institution is a little doubtful : probably it owed something to the Roman Villa and a good deal more to primeval customs in Northern Europe. A Manor House of some sort must have existed from the earliest beginnings, from a time when all the members of a family lived together in one common dwelling. Later on, when the family grew into a tribe, the

collection of huts would group itself around the residence of the chieftain. And so might develop gradually that " Complex of rights over land and tenements " which was crystallized into a fixed system about the time of the Norman Conquest.

The Manor House generally was in a fairly conspicuous position near the Church. In theory it was the residence of the Lord of the Manor and his retainers, but in practice it was the public hall of the place. That is to say, it was the meeting place and administrative headquarters of a community which was to a large extent self-governing under the presidency of the Lord. Here were held the manorial courts which adjusted the holding of lands within the Manor and also exercised some criminal jurisdiction. Here also at Hocktide and Harvest would be held the common feasts which all the tenants would as a right attend with their wives, bringing cups, platters and napkins for their own use. We might almost say that the Manor House served all the purposes of the modern town hall, police station, workhouse and village club. Sometimes it may have been used as a place of worship ; at any rate, the plan of the Parish Church bears a curious resemblance to that of the early Manor House, the Nave answering to the great hall, and the Chancel—the private freehold of the Rector—to the Camera reserved for the personal use of the Lord of the Manor and his family.

A number of people lunched and dined in the

great hall and afterwards might play various games ; in the evening the trestled tables were cleared away and everybody settled himself down to sleep on the rush-strewn floor. What few travellers there were in those disordered times under the early Norman Kings would be expected to report themselves at the Manor House ; afterwards they would take pot-luck with the rest, unless their station in life entitled them to a share with the noble owner in the privacy of the Camera or Parlour.

By the fourteenth century the aristocracy had ceased to reside in the village and had withdrawn themselves to castles or mansions of more imposing character. The care of the Manor House was left to a steward or seneschal, who found it convenient to add to his income by receiving more guests as travel grew thicker on the roads. But it is not quite correct to describe the Manor House as gradually developing into a hostelry pure and simple. It has never ceased to be a Manor House, but has taken on the characteristics of an inn as an addition.

The legal rights of Manors have nearly all passed away, and yet the modern Public House retains many of the excellencies of its prototype. It is the one place where democracy is real and not a hollow sham. Here all men are equal and the duke may greet the dustman as a friend and a brother without fear of reproach. Here is permitted free speech to every man who can express

himself without undue passion or violence. Here come men of good-will to exchange wisdom or confidences ; and here come strangers and pilgrims to find good company and mutual entertainment. Here too come the homeless, the widow or the orphan, with the assurance that they will not be sent empty away, unless intercepted by the police under the atrocious Children Act. If the Public House fails to realize its ideal as the expression of Christian charity and social freedom, the fault is with the Pharisees, fanatics and sectaries who seek by all the methods of chicanery to ruin and defame it.

The old officials of the Manor still survive in the public house. The Landlord still presides over the festive board as he did in the eleventh century. Visitors of one sort or another are attended to by the Hosteller, now termed the Ostler, while the Chamberlain who waited on privileged guests has become the Chambermaid. The Bar is nothing more or less than the old Buhr or Buttery in an enlarged form ; on the contrary the great hall has dwindled down into the Tap Room ; while you and I, if our personal appearance and purse justify the distinction, may attain to the thrice enviable luxuries of " The gentleman in the parlour."

Good examples of the old Manor House building which have come down to us are to be seen in part at the Tiger at Lindfield, in Sussex, now the Church House, the sign of which recalls the Michelmore family, owners of the Manor in the fourteenth

century ; or the Spread Eagle at Midhurst, beautifully restored and refurnished by the present occupier. But, in most cases, like the Star at Guildford, there have been vicissitudes of ownership and the buildings have been altered out of all knowledge or the inn itself has decayed.

A more typical picture of a Manor House is found in the Grantley Arms at Wonersh, a sunny little village of trees and flowers and old timber-framed cottages on the banks of a mill-stream that flows into the river Wey. Many times has the Grantley Arms changed its name with successive owners of the Manor. Under its present many-coloured signboard, it helps to preserve the name of a great statesman, almost forgotten by the history books.

Fletcher Norton was a successful lawyer, who, entering Parliament in the Tory interest, became Attorney-General, and in that office was called upon to prosecute Wilkes for the " Essay on Woman " and other objectionable articles in the *North Briton*. A man of strong opinions and bluff unrestrained speech, he seems to have been popular in the House of Commons, for in 1770 he was elected Speaker by a large majority, and in 1774 was re-elected unanimously. In 1774, when presenting the Bill for the better support of the King's Household, he boldly declared that the Commons " have not only granted to Your Majesty a large present supply, but also a very great additional revenue—great

THE GRANTLEY ARMS, WONERSH.

beyond example, great beyond Your Majesty's highest expense." The Court party strongly disapproved of this language, and means were taken to denounce Norton. But, on the motion of Fox, the House resolved, without a division, " That the Speaker had expressed with just and proper energy the zeal of the House for the support of the dignity and honour of the Crown in circumstances of great public charge." The Court of Common Council voted the Freedom of the City of London to the courageous statesman " For having declared in manly terms the real state of the nation to His Majesty on the Throne."

Until in 1782 he retired to the House of Lords as Baron Grantley of Markenfield, he continued to oppose the arbitrary policy of George III, and his influence was the chief factor in recalling the punitive expedition against the American Colonists. What a wonderful book might be written on English history as told on the signboards !

CHAPTER II

AT THE SIGN OF THE CROWN

WHO would not be king of such a kingdom? The landlord of the Crown has a proud heritage and traditions of Royal hospitality to live up to. If his court be closed from 2.30 till 6, the blame lies, not with the jovial Sovereign, but with the Rogues, Busybodies, False Prophets and the unprincipled Parliament of perverted Democracy infringing upon his divine rights.

Cavaliers, a toast! . . . "The Crown."

Above the doorway of the Manor House, the arms or crest of the Lord of the Manor were carved or emblazoned to distinguish it from all other houses in the village. When the Lord of the Manor was the King, the Royal Arms, or more frequently, a gilt Crown, was hung over the door.

The development of the Manor House into a hostelry took place at a very early date on many Royal Manors. As a rule, these were situated in positions very favourable for trade, on the great Roman roads, or near seaports or navigable rivers.

THE CROWN, FAKENHAM.

Then, again, the King's purse was never full, however much wealth poured into it. As an absentee landlord, he could feel none of the pride of keeping open house and entertaining all comers. A steward, whose aim it was to be commended, would be on the look-out to devise economies in management, or to increase the revenue. We may be sure that these officials eagerly jumped at the chance of doing away with the free hospitality of the Manor House, and all its wasteful horde of servants, and substituting for it an hotel which would bring in a goodly sum in rent.

In a few old towns which were able to maintain a corporate existence from Roman times, such as Winchester, Lincoln or Chester, some old inns continued to survive. The best known instance is that of the Fountain at Canterbury, which, so tradition has it, was patronized by the four murderers of St. Thomas, while they were arranging the details of their plot, in 1170, and also by the wife of Earl Godwyn, in 1029. A German Ambassador, in 1299, gives enthusiastic testimony as to its excellence and comfort. But, if we except these, the oldest inns of which we have authoritative record bear the sign of the Crown.

As a type of the Royal Manor Houses, we may take the Crown Inn at Fakenham. Fakenham was a somewhat important town on an extension northward of the great Roman road, through Newmarket. It was within easy reach of three important

seaports in a district where trade was increasing rapidly, during the thirteenth century. Most important of all, it was the last stopping-place of the Walsingham pilgrimage, which had become a regular fashion amongst people of rank and wealth since the visit of Henry III to the Shrine, in 1248. Edward I came several times on pilgrimage, and there are good reasons for supposing that the Crown Inn was by that time superseding in importance the Royal Manor House at Fakenham. It is interesting to note that up to recent times the house continued to be a copyhold of the Royal Manor of Fakenham—Lancaster, and that the courts Leet and Baron of this Manor are still held there annually.

However, the Crown betrays little evidence of its venerable old age to the visitor. Prosperity attended it during the coaching period, and it has long been known as one of the most comfortable and up-to-date of hotels. The courtyard is chiefly of the eighteenth century, with some few relics which may be older. The chief feature is the stately external staircase, which probably once extended above the archway as a gallery, and was serviceable in the loading up of the coaches. Note also the quaint stone figure in a recess on the first storey, reminding one of the similar figure, above the gateway of Walsingham priory, of the porter peeping out, apparently in answer to some impatient pilgrim's knock.

Perhaps the Crown at Rochester can boast of

THE KING'S ARMS, DORKING

as early a foundation as its namesake at Fakenham. At any rate, in 1316 one of its landlords, Simon Potyn, had acquired wealth enough to found the Hospital of St. Catherine, for poor folk. Here, again, we have a manorial inn advantageously placed on a great trading route. Rochester was about half-way between London and Canterbury, on the highway to and from the Continent. The Crown stood close to the bridge over the Medway and was the usual stopping-place for royalty and ambassadors. Endless historic and literary associations cluster around it. Here Henry VIII first met Anne of Cleves, and was unable to restrain his disgust at the pockmarked features of the "Flemish Mare." Queen Elizabeth stayed four days in the house and later on it was visited by Hogarth and his four merry companions. The yard of this inn must have been the scene of the flea-bitten carriers, who tried to borrow a lantern, in *King Henry IV*, Part II. The old frontage to the High Street, with gables and bargeboards, said to date from 1390, was pulled down and rebuilt in 1862 ; but the river front remains in much the same form as when Mr. Jingle cautioned the Pickwick Club against its excessive charges, referring to it as "Wrights." The Crypt also remains to testify to the ancient extent of the house.

Owing to the rather complicated history of the Manor, it is difficult to make any satisfactory guess at the age of the Crown at Edenbridge. But there

are features in the house, particularly in the heavily timbered and moulded taproom, which may date from the fifteenth century. The long, low front of the building, with its sign straddling across the High Street, makes an effective picture, and the Inn Yard is also quaint and curious. Within is a door, very heavily framed and mullioned in iron, with a pigeon hole apparently for the convenience of serving liquor in times of popular disturbances.

When the Priory of Dartford was dissolved by Henry VIII, " a certain tenement called the Crown or King's Inn" in High Street, Dartford, was described as having been known for ages as the principal hostel in that town. It must have dated from some period before 1349, when the Priory first acquired ownership of the Manor.

The Crown at Shipton under Wychwood is a remarkable example of a late fourteenth-century house. Note, particularly, the richly-moulded archway.

However, not every old inn bearing the sign of the Crown is necessarily a Royal manorial house, although it is generally an indication of crown property at the time that it was established. Thus, at Ospringe, near Faversham, there was formerly a very large Hospice for pilgrims to Canterbury. In the reign of Edward IV, there was an outbreak of plague in the neighbourhood, and some of the brethren died. Whereupon the remaining inmates forsook the place in a panic, without taking any

THE CROWN, SHIPTON.

care to choose the other brethren to succeed them ; through which neglect the possessions of the hospital escheated to the Crown. A secular inn came into existence in part of the buildings which received the name of the Crown. This curious old structure, containing some early pointed stonework, lost its licence under the provisions of the Compensation Act and, when we last saw it, was occupied as a Salvation Army citadel !

At Cowden, the prettiest of many pretty villages in the south-eastern border of Kent and Sussex, there is a snug, delightful old Crown Inn, which must have acquired its name at the dissolution of the monasteries, probably about the time when the Manor was granted by Queen Mary to Richard Sackville and Thomas Winton *in capite* by Knight's Service.

The Crown at Mundford near Brandon, probably manorial, is a famous old posting-house, few ancient features of which have survived the rebuilding, early in the eighteenth century. However, it is old-fashioned enough to be picturesque, with plenty of room and modern comforts ; attached, is a charming garden.

Lastly, there are a number of Crown Inns which simply bear witness to the loyalty of their owners either just before or just after the great Rebellion. We are inclined to place in this category the old Crown Inn at Groombridge, which was never Crown property but formed part of the estate of

John Parker, a very ardent upholder of the Stuart dynasty. The old taproom (one among many worth visiting in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells) forms the subject of a very successful painting, "The Question of the Day," by Mr. Biscombe Gardener, and exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1912. A group of rustics were depicted, sitting around the broad, homely chimney-corner, and apparently absorbed in attempts to unravel the mysteries of Compulsory Insurance; with as little success, we fear, as are met by our own efforts to grasp the motives of the present licensing regulations.

CHAPTER III

AT THE SIGN OF THE BULL

JOHN BULL is the Englishman's nickname all the world over; and a diet of good old English roast beef is, in popular belief, the secret of the indomitable pluck which has built up a great Empire, and a still greater banking account. So that the traveller, noticing that the sign of the Bull is generally found hanging above the entrance of a spacious and prosperous establishment in the centre of a great market town, might be excused for supposing that it related to the generous sirloin, or at least to the trade in cattle! Very often this presumption is rendered still more plausible by a signboard painted in vivid colours presenting a huge beast with flaming eyes and steaming nostrils; in the background a lady and gentleman are making hurriedly for a far-distant stile. Occasionally, a legend is appended, to the following effect:

> This Bull is mild, so fear him not,
> All the while you pay your scot;
> When money's gone, and credit's bad,
> It's that which makes the Bull run mad!

But antiquarian research has shown that it is rare that the Bull is one composed of beef. In England, as in France, this sign of La Boule, from the Latin, *Bulla*, is the seal of a monastery or college. When a manor belonged to a religious house there was no crest or arms to hang over the door. Theoretically, Abbots and Bishops were not supposed to bear arms or to be versed in the arts of war ; though, in practice, some of them were mighty men of valour, who could wield sword or mace right lustily and to great effect. So on such a manor house would be carved or painted the seal of the monastery or collegiate body.

Monastic manors were administered under different conditions from those belonging to secular lords. In some ways the vassals benefited from kindly and enlightened methods; in other ways they were kept back, owing to the fact that a corporation cannot part with its rights in the simple way that is open to an individual owner. But, on the whole, so far as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were concerned, the tenants were very well treated. Tenures were generally easy, labour customs could be commuted for a small sum of money, and the serf could acquire freedom on moderate terms.

The monks did much to encourage commerce and travel. They were great agriculturists, not only getting the best out of the land, but also patiently converting desert and marsh into new farms.

THE BULL, FYFIELD, ESSEX

Their great Abbey Churches and Cathedrals were always being rebuilt in the latest and most sumptuous style, and to beautify these they would requisition rich materials and ornaments from distant parts of the earth. Besides this, communications were constantly passing backwards and forwards between the different houses of an order; in some cases (like the Cluniac) the chief house was on the Continent. Then authority for the election of an Abbot or a change in the Statutes had to be obtained from Rome. All this was an immense stimulus to trade.

The religious houses held their property *in frank Almoigne*—that is to say, in perpetual title, free of feudal obligations, and their only duty, apart from praying for their founders, was the *trinoda necessitas*, or triple obligation, especially in the repair of roads and bridges. The roads in the neighbourhood of a monastery were generally well kept. On the Continent one religious order, the *Pontife* Friars, devoted themselves expressly to bridge building. In England nearly all our picturesque ancient bridges which still survive were the work of the monks. The first London Bridge was built by the Prior of St. Mary Overie; another great bridge, that over the Medway at Rochester, owes its foundation to the great St. Dunstan. The bridges at Stratford-atte-Bow, established by Queen Matilda, were placed under the care of the Abbess of Barking.

The monasteries opened their doors to all comers, rich and poor. They were more comfortable and offered more security than any other hostelry, and, at the same time, no unpleasant questions were asked. Their hospitality was liable to be abused at times by the unscrupulous, and statutes of Edward I and Edward II forbade any to lodge at a religious house without the formal invitation of the Superior, or unless he be the founder of the Establishment. Even then, he must conform to the rules, and his consumption must be moderate. The poor only, who more than any lost by the excesses of the great, were to continue in the right to the grace of hospitality free of charge. In further protection, the greater monasteries built their guest-houses outside the gates. That at Battle Abbey still survives close to the main entrance. It is an elegant half-timber building of the fifteenth century, and was designed with a view to luxurious comfort, considering the times. Probably all but the very poor were expected to make an offering, in payment for their board and bed, to the hosteller in charge.

There were good reasons why the middle-class people, merchants and professional men would prefer the inn, as soon as travelling became general. And, as the Abbot found it more convenient to transact ordinary manorial business within the Monastery precincts, the manor house was free to be let to a private individual, or perhaps a dependant,

as a regular inn. For this reason, in Cathedral towns, or in the neighbourhood of old abbeys, the Bull Inn nearly always became the principal inn of the place, being first in the field, and basking in the sunshine of the Bishops or Abbot's favour. At St. Albans, according to Baskerville, the Bull Inn was formerly the largest hotel in England. In nearly all the towns of Kent, where the Archbishops of Canterbury once possessed palaces, as Maidstone, Wrotham and Otford, there is a Bull of important character. Otford has dwindled into a small village, but the Bull Inn there has a reputation among excursionists and still boasts of a fine carved chimneypiece and some linenfold panelling to show the original magnificence of the house.

Most of the Bull Inns, from the excellence of their position and reputation, profited during the coaching era, and were rebuilt from time to time in comparatively modern style. A good example is the Bull at Rochester, immortalized by the sojourn there of the Pickwick Club, and needing no elaborate description here, as its broad red-brick frontage, Shakespearean yard, spacious hall, ballroom with elevated daïs for the musicians and rambling staircases are in much the same condition as when Charles Dickens visualized them for us so delightfully. "Good House, Nice Beds," Mr. Jingle's recommendation, would apply well to nearly every Bull Inn in the market towns of our acquaintance.

Of the very few that retain mediæval character, perhaps the best will be found at Sudbury and Long Melford. Both externally and internally, the Bull at Sudbury is an excellent example of early sixteenth century half-timber work, the moulded ceilings being particularly interesting; and should be visited by any who wish to learn what an hotel in a prosperous cloth-working district looked like in the sixteenth century. There are other features of interest. In the bar parlour are the stands of the churchwarden pipes and the old brass tobacco box used at Vestry meetings; while, in the taproom—the most primitive-looking taproom we have ever had occasion to enter—there is a fine old Legrand clock still in working order. This, with other quaint articles of furniture, was taken over by the grandfather of the present proprietor, in 1796. At Long Melford the exterior has been rebuilt, but the great manorial hall of the fourteenth century remains intact, albeit divided by modern lath and plaster partitions.

The Sign of the Bull is especially associated with nunneries. In this case, we can imagine that the establishment of a town inn to relieve the pressure of guests in the convent would be desirable. The deeds of the Bull Inn at Barking go back to the fourteenth and fifteenth century, and refer to the house as "*tectum vel hospitium vocatum le Bole.*" It remained in the hands of the Abbess of Barking until the Dissolution, and in 1636 was sold to

St. Margaret's Hospital in Westminster for the sum of one shilling. The leases show that at least twice during its history of 700 years it has been occupied by a single family for more than a century.

More famous still is the Bull at Dartford, which came into existence about the middle of the fourteenth century as the official hostelry in connection with the then recently founded priory of St. Mary and St. Margaret, to whom the King had made a grant of the Royal Manor. In a rental of the Priory lands of 1508, the house is still described as "Le Hole Bole," and was then let to Richard Fyke for forty shillings per annum. Probably it was at this inn that the Canterbury pilgrims spent their first night. They would naturally prefer a house with religious associations ; and the landlord, Urban Baldock, according to Mr. Harper, was a personal friend of Chaucer, and, like mine host of the Tabard, a member of Parliament.

The internal walls may be of any age, but the present building is Elizabethan, with eighteenth century additions and alterations. The stately façade, with its long series of lofty windows, is distinctive and good, but the unique feature of the place is the interior courtyard, approached through an effective portico and still surrounded by the old carved oaken gallery. Many old inns preserve some remnants of their galleried yards, but we be-

lieve this to be the only instance where the galleries remain in their original completeness. From this gallery we can wander up and down broad balustraded staircases, in and out of grand reception rooms, not to speak of the many quaint nooks and corners and the secret passages in the thickness of the walls. We feel tempted to linger at each step and conjure up visions of those stirring times of Jacobite plots and highwaymen, of lords and ladies, of hoops and patches ; of lappets and lace ruffles, wigs and knee breeches. Not that there is any need to draw upon the imagination : these old walls preserve the memory of wild and strange scenes enacted within them.

For instance, in 1775, Joseph Stackpoole came with a bailiff to Dartford in pursuit of one John Parker, an absconding debtor, and traced him to the Bull. The bailiff was sent into the room with the writ, when Parker, in a fit of passion, cried out, "Where are my pistols?" Meanwhile, one of his companions put out the lights. The bailiff, in mortal terror, called out for help. Stackpoole and his attorney rushed in. Parker's confederates seized the former by the collar and shook him so violently that a carbine in his hand exploded, shooting Parker dead on the spot. Parker's friends fled in dismay; one so hurriedly that he jumped over the balcony on to the ground.

Stackpoole was tried for murder at Maidstone, proceedings being protracted through nearly two

years. He was eventually acquitted on the grounds that the gun had gone off accidentally. And in a lofty state-room over the portico, adorned with a series of faded classic wall paintings, the visitor is still shown the bullet marks on the wainscot, which bear witness to the tragedy enacted all these years ago. The panel paintings themselves are said to date from 1665.

Again, in 1822, George IV was in his carriage outside the Bull while horses were being changed. Calling Essenhigh, the landlord, he asked who "that damned pretty wench at the window" was. It was the landlord's wife. A hostile crowd assembled, for party spirit ran high over the unfortunate Queen Caroline. Hoots and hisses arose on all sides; and a working currier named Calligan thrust his shaggy head into the carriage and roared out, "You are a murderer!" The man was instantly seized by a bystander, dragged off and felled to the ground. As quickly as possible the King drove away, but in such confusion that his valet fell off the box into the road.

Richard Trevithick, the famous engineer, by many accounted the inventor of the steam locomotive engine, died at the Bull in 1833 at the age of sixty-two. The entry reads like an ominous foreshadowing of the doom which fell upon coaching inns. Still, Dartford has attracted to itself many industrial undertakings to stimulate local trade.

The Bull has managed to weather the adverse period and, apart from its associations, can attract some portion of the motor traffic which now makes the Dover road so busy.

CHAPTER IV

AT THE SIGN OF THE GEORGE

"Gentle herdsman tell to me,
Of courtesy I thee pray,
Unto the town of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way?"
"Unto the town of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gone;
And very crooked are these paths
For you to find out all alone."

Percy Reliques.

WE are afraid that the gentle herdsman, in his reply to the pilgrim, temporised grievously with the truth. All roads led to Walsingham in the old time and, fifty years after the destruction of the shrine, the first road set out in Holinshed's *English Itinerary* is that from London to Walsingham, through Waltham and Ware. For many miles round roadside crosses were erected to serve as guideposts to the wayfarers, some still remaining, as at Binham and Burnham. The Milky Way in the Heavens was called the "Walsingham Way," being believed

to point to Walsingham, just as in the East it is called the "Hadji's Road" and is the good Mussulman's compass as he crosses the desert when bound for Mecca.

Nearly all the great centres of pilgrimage in the Middle Ages were on the line of the old Roman roads, and owed their popularity largely to the fact that the way to them was easy to find, considering the times. There was no place in the South of England so easy of access as Canterbury. It stood at the confluence of three or four Roman roads with the Watling Street, the most frequented, being the straightest of all roads and the direct route from the North and from London to the Continent. It is true that antiquaries have pieced together various old winding tracks on the southern slopes of the North Downs, and have termed them the "Pilgrims' Way," on the supposition that pilgrims from the West of England followed out this devious course. It is quite certain that pilgrims coming from Winchester through Guildford made very little use of the Kentish section of the way, which really led not to Canterbury but to Lympne. Those making for Canterbury deserted it near Otford and turned north into the Watling Street at Rochester. Others turned south from Chevening through Ightham, Malling and Maidstone—where there were large hostels for such pilgrims—and reached the Watling Street at Key Street near Sittingbourne. The Shrine of St. Alban and that

THE GREEN DRAGON, WYMONDHAM

of St. Edward the Confessor are also on the line of the Watling Street, while that of St. Edmund at Bury St. Edmunds is at the junction of Roman roads. Durham, with its shrine of St. Cuthbert, is equally well situated for the convenience of northern pilgrims.

Pilgrimages, though nominally religious, were sometimes of political origin—and frequently designed to annoy the King. When Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, cousin of Edward II, was executed as a rebel, such vast crowds of pilgrims hastened to his tomb as to occasion "homicides and mortal wounds." After the death of Edward II himself, the pilgrims to his tomb at Gloucester were so numerous that a special inn had to be built to accommodate them. The New Inn, containing much good fifteenth-century work and one of the most beautiful inn-yards in all England, remains to testify to the fact. Perhaps there was more excuse for those who paid their vows at the resting-place of Simon de Montfort, the great patriot, although he died under excommunication and could not possibly be canonised.

There is no doubt at all that the fashion of going on pilgrimage grew out of the simplicity of pious souls, and that some sort of religious motive was present in the majority of cases. But pilgrimages also served the purpose of the modern cheap excursion. They were a ready means by which the great mass of the population could indulge

a desire to travel. The rural labourer was a vassal on his lord's estate, bound never to leave it, unless by making a vow of pilgrimage he gained the Church's approval. The apprentice who wanted a holiday might avail himself of the same excuse. Merchants who found business rather slack, or creditors obdurate, might gain time by the same device. Monasteries were ready and willing to take charge of a man's affairs during weeks or months of absence.

But, above all, there was the sense of security. The state of the roads, infested with robbers and unscrupulous nobles, was such that persons of note never travelled without a retinue. The pilgrims usually formed an organised body, and so enjoyed the advantage of mutual protection; although it is clear from mediæval literature that robbers rarely molested the pilgrim even if he was alone; in fact there were cases when, on the discovery that he was on pilgrimage, the wayfarer received back the stolen property with an apology. In the evening he would find good lodgings at a monastery or at a *Maison Dieu*. The whole of Europe was studded with these establishments. In the South of England the best known are the hospice at Colnbrook, now known as the Ostrich Inn, which was founded by Milo Crispin in the year 1130; and the *Maison Dieu* at Ospringe, near Faversham, already mentioned. Here there was also a Lepers' Hospital, on the site of which the Ship Inn now stands.

The *Maison Dieu* at Dover provided for pilgrims travelling to Shrines overseas. The great pilgrim towns such as Canterbury, St. Albans, Hereford and York possessed many of these foundations. Some of them developed into inns, and there were good reasons why St. George should have been chosen as their patron saint. Even in Saxon times the saint was held in great honour. There was a great monastery of St. George at Thetford, and St. George's Church, Southwark, dates from before the Norman conquest. Foundations such as the Collegiate Church of St. George at Oxford and the Priory of St. George at Griesley were founded in the time of our early Norman kings. But the Crusades gave a great impetus to the cult of the Saint. He was reported as appearing in the midst of a fiery glow on the walls of Jerusalem, waving his sword and leading the victorious onslaught upon the holy City. So he became a patron of pilgrims. The creation of the noble order of St. George in 1344 to distinguish the military prowess of this age, and the standard of St. George, which was borne before our kings in battle, give a probable reason why at a time of patriotic enthusiasm St. George regained his old importance in this country. "God for England, Harry and St. George!" was the rallying cry of English warriors at the attack on Harfleur, at Agincourt and in most of the battles portrayed by Shakespeare. After the battle of Agincourt St. George's day was made a

double feast and ordered to be observed with the same dignity as Christmas Day, all labour ceasing.

And yet, strange to say, the sign of St. George is, in the Middle Ages, almost invariably associated with monastic inns. Perhaps the reason is that the suppression of many foreign orders during the French wars by Edward III had warned the leading monasteries that some display of patriotism was advisable, if they wished to avoid any risk of incurring royal displeasure.

The true St. George appears to have been born at Lydda, whence he emigrated to Cappadocia and suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian, April 23rd, 303, as is shown by ancient Greek inscriptions of the fourth century. But, just as Gibbon in his *Decline and Fall* confounded the Saint with a renegade Bishop of Alexandria, who died in 362, so mediæval chivalry associated him with a mythical hero. The tale of St. George and the Dragon comes to us from the *Golden Legend* of Jacques de Voragine, and was localised in England as St. George, son of Lord Albert of Coventry. His exploits are set forth in two long ballads included in the *Percy Reliques* (III. 1, 2), and, of course, in the *Seven Champions of Christendom*. This is the form in which St. George appears on the signboards; usually an elaborate painting sets forth his feat in destroying an enormous green dragon, who is vomiting huge quantities of flame and smoke in his dying agonies.

It is significant that this allegorical hero is venerated equally by devout Mussulmans and therefore is a most appropriate Saint for an Empire containing so many Mohammedans among its subjects. But this is a more unbelieving generation than even that of the seventeenth century Vandal whose verselet is recorded by Aubrey :

" To save a mayd St. George the Dragon slew—
A pretty tale if all is told be true.
Most say there are no dragons, and 'tis sayd
There was no George ; pray God there was a mayd ! "

Many of these George Inns were situated in positions where they ministered to the needs of pilgrims rather than to ordinary travellers. When monasteries and shrines ceased to exist, their custom fell off. Hence the large number of these inns which have escaped rebuilding and have come down to our own time as fine examples of the mediæval hostelry. One of the best of these is the George at Norton St. Philip, which is ascribed to the neighbouring monastery at Hinton, and dates from 1397. It is a very effective and substantial building of the period, with a good porch, overhanging upper stories, and massive oak roofing timbers. Inside may be seen the great loft where the bales of wool were stored in readiness for the annual fair on the feast of St. Philip and St. James. A large projecting oriel window lights the apartment where the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth slept

on the eve of the Battle of Philip Norton; and another panelled room is said to have been occupied by Oliver Cromwell.

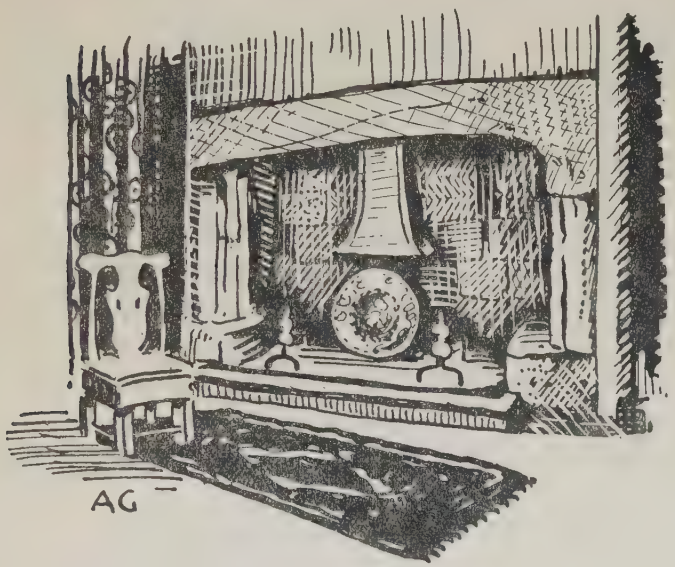
Another George Inn may be visited at Glastonbury, a veritable gem of architecture, unique in the possession of its original front, stone oriels and transom windows. It was built by Abbot Selwood, in 1489, and provided board and lodging free for pilgrims for the first three days. There is also a delightful example at Wymondham, where the saint has disappeared—probably during the Commonwealth—and the Green Dragon presides alone upon the signboard.

The George at Speldhurst, near Tunbridge Wells, appears to contain internal timbers of earlier date than the foregoing, and was perhaps originally a Manor House. In the great hall, now divided into two stories, the Kentish archers returning from Agincourt were entertained to a banquet in 1415, so local tradition has it.

At Aylesbury, Buckden, Stamford and St. Albans there was comparatively little disturbance of trade after the dissolution of the monasteries, and the inns have been rebuilt and enlarged from time to time, though in the two latter cases a conservative old-world manner has prevailed. The George at St. Albans is still a most interesting house, with a good panelled staircase, and a fine collection of old furniture. As in the old days, it caters for the better class of pilgrims to the Cathedral. Founded

in 1401, half a century later it obtained licence from the Abbot for the celebration of Mass in the private Chapel, in consideration of the many noble and worthy personages who were in the habit of resorting thither.

The George at Buckden, on the great North



THE GEORGE, SALISBURY

Road, enjoyed a very high reputation during the coaching period, on account of its vast size and elaborate arrangements, serving as a half-way house between London and York. A remarkable feature was the enormous kitchen accommodation. Motoring has come just in time to revive the glories of this palatial hotel and, like its namesake at Stamford,

it has been restored and refitted in an excellent manner.

For those pilgrims who appreciate modern comfort in a real mediæval atmosphere, the house to be visited is the Old George at Salisbury, which dates from the early fourteenth century. There are some old fireplaces and very finely carved oak beams and ceilings of this period. In the courtyard the strolling players of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries used to give their performances, and possibly Shakespeare himself acted there.

However, not all inns bearing the sign of St. George and the Dragon can claim to have been intended for the use of pilgrims. The George at Hull was originally the residence of John Oversale, Mayor of Hull in 1550, and subsequently became the White Friar Hotel. In 1683 it was rebuilt, and its name was changed in 1702 to the George in honour of the Prince of Denmark, who became the consort of Queen Anne. This also applies to the Royal George in Charing Cross Road, London, just opposite the entrance of Denmark Street. Hog Lane, afterwards Crown Street and later Charing Cross Road, was rebuilt in 1702, and in all probability the main features of the house as then constructed are preserved in the existing rather effective front.

THE GEORGE, IGHTHAM.

CHAPTER V

AT THE SIGN OF THE ANGEL

THE thirteenth century stands out in the history of Western Europe as one of exceptional brilliancy. It was the golden age of creative art. In the French Cathedrals a new architecture grew up, at least equal in majesty with that of Ancient Greece and even richer in life and inspiration. Amiens and Chartres have their echo here in England, at Salisbury, Lincoln and Westminster. Nothing before or since has been created quite as perfect and satisfying as these. If the sister arts of music, painting and sculpture did not reach their culminating points, they were at least set well upon their upward way. Around all the literature and art of the thirteenth century there clings a sense of mastery over the material, an intense, almost supernatural beauty. More than this, the age revealed the exquisite charm of human character at its best, with its capacity for noble purposes—human courage, loyalty and self-sacrifice.

And yet the times were evil. The thirteenth

century dawned on a world of men whose hearts were failing them for fear. The builders of those wonderful sermons in stone, which preach us the gospel of faith and hope, wrought indeed, with a sad sincerity. In the words of Ruskin, "Every stone of this building (Amiens) is cemented with the martyr's blood, and there is no furrow of its pillars that was not ploughed with his pain." The Crusades had degenerated into mere ruffianism; the infidel was not only in the Holy City, but threatening to overrun Europe. It was the saddest time for Germany between war without and misrule and anarchy within. Fire and sword decided all. Italy was worse, and Sicily a horror of massacre and oppression. France, in addition to wars with England and Flanders, had to face the revolt of very formidable fanatics and heretical sects. The decay of the nobility was the opportunity for kings to increase their power, and they used it to exact the uttermost farthing from the nations they held sway over. The meanest and wickedest of kings sat on the throne of England, which for eight years lay under interdict, a papal weapon which brought infinite misery on everyone but the king against whom it was launched. The interdict relieved him from obligations to the Church, and gave him pretext for seizing on the revenues of the clergy for his own use.

Worst of all was the social problem—that perennial riddle which has perplexed every generation

of philanthropists, but was a new one for mediæval Europe—the problem of the underworld in our great cities.

Under the feudal system village life had its drawbacks, whether a man was a free tenant or a mere villein, bound never to leave the estate of his lord. Tilling the land is a monotonous occupation, even with modern machinery. It was much worse facing all weathers with the primitive ploughs and harrows of our forefathers. But if one only had the shelter of a poor, dirty hovel, and dinner of the plainest fare, at least he shared in whatever the common land produced. In a village everybody knows everybody else, and man is rarely very inhuman of malice aforethought.

The cities were so different. They offered luxuries, or at least comfort, to certain specialized classes of people—the privileged trader and the skilled artisan, each under the protection of his own guild. Behind these were the hewers of wood and drawers of water, who could just keep body and soul together when they were in work. And then, below these, the beggars, vagrants, outlaws and villeins, who had run away from their lords under the idea that, supposing that they could remain undetected for a year and a day, they became free citizens, and could not be claimed as serfs any more.

Hidden within the great walled towns, such as Ypres, Bruges, Cologne and Rouen, were rookeries of these unfortunates herded together in a mass of

hungry, leprous, squalid, desperate wretches. The slums of the Middle Ages were pestilential dens, too horrible for us to imagine. With the knowledge of such things, the pious soul might well believe the truth of the story that Cain it was who taught men first to build cities, in the very heart of which was a rotting, festering hell. Out of these nests of infection came those wholesale pestilences to decimate nations such as the "Death of Ypres," "The Black Death," and "The Plague."

How was this problem of the degenerate town dweller to be faced? It remains before us to-day, and up to now our only method has been the demolition of slum areas, forcing the wretched population to find rookeries somewhere else. A learned professor suggests mass exportation to the wilds of Australia, where, placed on their own resources in the healthy open air, such as survived would, in a generation or two, perchance develop into a prosperous race.

Now, was the method adopted by our forefathers less practical than these? For some of the hopeless cases, they established nursing hospitals. For the rest, they strove to implant high ideals. Hence the great cathedrals. Hence the new devotions, such as the Angelus and the Rosary, so that the poor and friendless might ever be reminded of the Incarnation, of the Tabernacle of God with man, and the common brotherhood of man with man.

But, most of all, arose at this time that wonderful

body of men, the Friars, who gave up riches and luxury and high position to consecrate their lives to the poor and outcast. Only the poor could help the poor. So these Saints of God made themselves of no reputation and took upon themselves poverty and wretchedness.

"We are come," they said to the ghastly wretches in their foul hovels, "to live among you and be your servants, and wash your sores and make your lot less hard than it is. We only want to do as Christ bids us do. We are beggars, too, and we, too, have not where to lay our heads." As they spoke, so they lived.

They were less than the least, as St. Francis told them they must strive to be.* The thirteenth century was indeed an age of great ideals, most of which survive in some way up to the present day, and still serve as a driving force, lifting humanity out of the mire and clay of sordid selfishness.

The Angel Inn is derived from the Salutation, or *Angelus*, as it originally represented the Angel appearing to the Blessed Virgin. The oldest known inn of this name is the Angel at Grantham, which was called by that name in the year 1213 and formerly belonged to the Knights Templar. It is still a very beautiful building, with the heads of Edward III and Queen Philippa on either side of the gateway, and a fine parapet and elegantly moulded windows. Three kings have been enter-

* Dr. Jessop, *The Coming of the Friars.*

tained here, but to all of them it has portended ill luck. King John visited the house in 1213, King Richard III in 1483, and King Charles I in 1633.

The Angel at Hitchin is a fifteenth century building, full of interest, but much altered, and so is the Angel at Watford. The latter has preserved some sixteenth-century timber construction. The Angel at Blyth claims to possess a tavern bill, dated 1274, showing the score of Bishop Richard de Insula of Durham, the Prior of Durham and their retinue.

There are strong reasons for connecting most mediæval inns bearing the sign of the Angel or Salutation with friaries. Thus the Salutation at Nottingham, a fifteenth-century half-timbered building, now bearing on its signboard two hands clasped, is claimed by Mr. J. Holland Walker as belonging either to the Carmelites or the Grey Friars. It is probable that the Angel at Chelmsford and that at Guildford are also Friary inns. But such things are difficult to prove. Unlike the monks of old, the Friars did not treasure up deeds and leases. When the Tudor spoliation came, there was nothing to rob but the churches in which they worshipped, the libraries in which they studied, and the houses in which they passed their lives. As Dr. Jessop so dryly remarks: "Voluntaryism leaves little for the spoiler."

The Angel at Guildford is not remarkable outside; within there is a delightful baronial hall with galleries and an octagonal clock dated 1658.

Underneath are groined vaults of the thirteenth century. There is a similar crypt under the Angel at Bury St. Edmunds, rendered so memorable by the adventures of Mr. Pickwick and Samuel Weller, who were so badly " done in " by the simple-minded Job Trotter. But otherwise the present building contains nothing older than about the year 1820. Another very old Angel with some good ceilings is nearly opposite the church at Lavenham.

The painting or sculpture of the Annunciation brought the Gospel message home to every passer-by; but at last came the time of Puritan ascendancy and a starving out of ideals. The figure of Our Lady was blackened out as idolatrous; sometimes the Puritan was not even satisfied about the Angel and so blackened him out as well, leaving only the vase of lilies. Thus it came about that the inn acquired the name of the Flower Pot.

One of these inns, the Flower Pot at Sunbury, suggested to Theodore Hook one of his eccentric practical jokes. There resided in the neighbourhood a retired major of irascible disposition, whose ruling passion was his garden. The approach to his house was elaborately garnished with leaden cupids, sun-dials and grottoes made of oyster shells. But, above all, there was a magnificent vase, filled with a flaming cluster of geraniums, fuchsias and other brilliant blossoms.

One afternoon young Hook appeared at the gate booted and spurred; a powerful tug at the bell

brought a sort of half-groom, half-gardener on the scene, to whom Hook consigned his steed with instructions to " put the mare into a loose box and rub her down well." Thence the young gentleman strode up the path, flicking with his whip at the choice carnations, jerked at the bell, walked into the dining-room and demanded Boots and a brandy and water without delay. The scandalized domestic summoned her master and there was a scene. Ultimately, of course, explanations came. Nothing could exceed Mr. Hook's regrets, etc. The young rascal pretended that he was a stranger and had been directed to the Flower Pot as the best hostelry in the neighbourhood. Imagine the horror of the proprietor on hearing his *chef d'œuvre* likened to an alehouse sign !

Other distortions of the old Salutation sign during the Puritan period in order to destroy its religious character were Soldier and Citizen, or even two citizens bowing to each other. This is shown on old trade tokens of the Salutation at Billingsgate. Or sometimes the sign is shown as two hands clasping each other, with the motto, " You're Welcome !"

The Angel at Islington, so well known as a stopping place for omnibus, tram and tube train, has apparently a history which only goes back for about two hundred years. Up to 1819 it presented the appearance of a real old-fashioned country inn with double galleries in the yard supported by columns and carved pilasters with caryatides and

other ornaments. In those days, it was customary for travellers approaching London to remain all night at the Angel Inn rather than continue their journey after dark. The City Road was then as dangerous from its foul, ill-paved condition as from the thieves which infested it.

CHAPTER VI

THE WHITE HORSE

ALL through the mythology of Eastern races we find the milk-white steed referred to as being reserved for the use of royalty or for great religious ceremonies; in the imagery of our Bible the conqueror rides a white horse on the day when he celebrates his victory. Tacitus assures us that the German tribes kept in their sacred groves certain white horses, who performed no sort of labour except when harnessed to the royal chariot. Their neighings were observed and interpreted as an augury, just as the ancient Persians were accompanied on their military expeditions by certain white horses whom they esteemed as sacred for the same purpose.

The White Horse was the banner of the Saxon invaders of England. There was the White Horse of their God, Odin; and, according to Baring Gould, Hengist and Horsa were mythical heroes, being really the twin white horses carved on the ancestral roof tree and borne as standards in the van of the army. They were also used in divination.

THE WHITE HORSE, SHERE

Many a Saxon victory is commemorated by the gigantic white horses outlined on the chalk downs above the Vale of the White Horse and other places on the Chiltern Hills. A white horse over the motto "Invicta" continues to form part of the arms of the county of Kent, and is supposed to commemorate the success of the men of Kent in maintaining their ancient liberties after the Norman conquest of England.

However, antiquaries tell us that the warriors who waylaid William the Conqueror at Swanscombe and succeeded in extorting from him a recognition of their ancient privileges, really came from the Vale of Holmesdale, which includes part of Surrey and northern Sussex. Noble families possessing manors in the district frequently assumed the White Horse as their crest. Hence the sign is well represented throughout the valley from Otford via Dorking to Guildford and stretching southward as far as Horsham.

> "The Vale of Holmesdale
> Never conquered, never shall."

The White Horse at Dorking, however, must not be placed in this category. It was originally a house of the Knights Hospitallers. The Knights of St. John regarded hospitality to travellers as the first of their duties, and had establishments all over England. As is shown by the excerpts from their accounts given in Larking and Kemble's *Knights*

Hospitallers in England, they made no attempt to avoid the burden and expense of entertaining strangers, either at their chief house in Clerkenwell or elsewhere. Their houses often bore the sign of the White Cross; after the Reformation those which became inns were likely to be designated the White Horse, in order to destroy any association with the Church.*

The White Horse at Dorking was rebuilt in the coaching period, and almost the only ancient feature is the vaults tunnelled deep into the sandstone. In one of them there is a curious old well. With the revival of coaching this inn has become the destination of a four-horse coach, which leaves the White Horse Cellars daily during the season. The White Horse Cellars in Piccadilly was the great coaching house for the West of England, while another great White Horse stood at the Holborn end of Fetter Lane, and was the starting place of the Oxford coach. At the White Horse at the corner of Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, so we learn from Timbs, travellers were in the habit of stopping for refreshment and to examine their fire-arms before crossing the fields to Lisson Green.

Readers of *Pickwick Papers* will, of course, be reminded of that huge establishment at Ipswich "known far and wide by the appellation of the

* This is contrary to the statement in *Old Country Inns* wherein it was suggested that the White Horse is derived from the Earls of Arundel. Further study of the inns on the estates of the Knights Hospitallers, notably at Baldock, has induced my change of opinion.

Great White Horse, and still rendered the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rampageous animal with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane carthorse, which is elevated above the principal door." There is a much more artistically executed statue of a White Horse at Sudbury, but admirers of *Pickwick Papers* will continue to make pilgrimages to Ipswich and to explore the mazy corridors of the old house in search of that apartment where the hero met with such embarrassing adventures.

After his marriage to the Countess of Warwick Addison often escaped from the dull respectability of Holland House to the White Horse in Kensington, and here he wrote several issues of the *Spectator*. The inn was rebuilt about 1830 and renamed the Holland Arms.

At Bishop Stortford there is a curious old White Horse Inn, with remains of galleries and an upper storey decorated with panels in a kind of parge work. It is surprising how few inns of this sign of any importance are to be found in Kent. One of the rare examples is the hotel at Minster, overlooking the Stour marshes. It is of considerable age, and a favourite house of call for excursionists from the Isle of Thanet.

The Red Horse is no longer a common sign. Perhaps, like the White Horse, it is sometimes a corruption of the Red Cross of the Templars. Longfellow sang the praise of a Red Horse in New

England, the name being possibly suggested by the famous Red Horse Hotel at Stratford-on-Avon, where American visitors are invited to venerate Washington Irving's poker and arm-chair, in memory of his famous remark, " To a homeless man, there is a momentary feeling of independence as he stretches himself before an inn fire; the arm-chair is his throne, the poker is his sceptre, and the little parlour his undisputed empire." The poker is kept draped with the Stars and Stripes.

The Black Horse is derived probably from the famous " Black Saladin " of the Earl of Warwick. His sire was Malek, and, according to tradition, when the race of Malek failed, the race of Warwick would also come to an end. " Black Horse," too, is a common name for the 7th Dragoons, or " Princess Royal's Dragoons," sometimes nicknamed " Strawboots " or " The Blacks," on account of their black facings.

THE WHITE HORSE, SUDBURY.

CHAPTER VII

THE WHITE HART

AROUND the emblem of the White Hart cluster all manner of romantic associations. It marks one of the most stirring epochs in our political history. Richard II adopted it as his special badge when he ascended the throne, deriving it, no doubt, from his mother, Joan, the fair maid of Kent. Courtiers and ballad writers prophesied great things from this choice of such an auspicious badge. At no time was the monarchy so popular, and the young prince displayed every sign of becoming a great and wise king. He was the son and grandson of the two leading military commanders of the age. Maybe they foresaw in him a greater genius still. At any rate, he had begun well in selecting this device of the White Hart, once associated with Alexander, Julius Cæsar and Charlemagne. And so all his courtiers and adherents, both male and female, were eager to have this badge either embroidered on their costumes, or suspended by chains or collars round their necks. At a tourna-

ment held in Smithfield, in 1390, in honour of illustrious visitors from Holland and Luxembourg, Knights of the Garter, "All the Kynges house were of one suite; theyr cotys, theyr armys, theyr sheldes and theyr trappours were browded all with whyte herty, with crownes of gold about theyr neckes and cheynes of gold hanging thereon, whiche herty was the Kynges leverye that he gaf to Lordys, Ladyes, Knyghtes and Squires."* The White Hart still remains painted of a colossal size on the walls above the door leading to the cloister from the south aisle of Westminster Abbey.

The White Hart also marks a new development of the English inn. The old race of innkeepers existed by the favour of the great nobles or monasteries, whose tenants they were, and principally relied on their retainers and visitors for custom. But in the fourteenth century a great change had been taking place. England was rapidly becoming a manufacturing country; the market towns were freeing themselves from feudal control, and new factories for cloth-weaving, ironfounding and brick-making were springing up everywhere. The rich merchants who came to buy demanded more and better accommodation than had hitherto been available. New inns were accordingly built to cater for this class of traveller, and received their licence either from the King or from the local corporation.

* Caxton's *Chronicle*, Lib Ult. VI.

Now, it had always been the tradition that an inn, to obtain recognition, should display a sign of official character. If it was approved by the landowner, it displayed the crest or shield of the lord of the manor; if it was on monastic property, it bore the seal of the religious house. These new inns could claim neither, so they took their sign from the badge stamped on their licence, and worn by the King's officer who visited them.

In almost every market town in England a White Hart inn is to be found, because it was at this period that the markets became prosperous and new inns were needed. It is the commonest sign all over England, so far as the towns are concerned, and, we may add, the most attractive. For it came into existence in a very artistic age when such a subject lent itself to the fancy and genius of painter and carver. Generally the White Hart is represented crowned, collared, chained and *couchant* under a tree. The original fourteenth-century signs have disappeared, but the tradition remains, and it would be possible to name at least fifty instances where the sign-painter has treated his subject in a creditable manner. Good carved figures exist, amongst other places, at Chelmsford, Dorchester, Bromley and Brentwood. Of the latter Albert Smith remarks, the " Effigy looks placidly along the principal street from his lofty bracket, secured thereto by a costly gilt chain, which assuredly prevents him from leaping down and

plunging into the leafy glades and coverts within view."

The most elaborate and expensive sign of all, at Scole, Norfolk, which was designed by John Fairchild in 1655, and cost £1,057, has been destroyed, although the ancient house which it once adorned is still flourishing. One of the most striking and effective White Harts is at Witham on the road to Ipswich. The sign is painted in colours on sheet copper, partly cut out in order to give greater prominence, and is of considerable size.

A great number of White Harts have come down to us almost in their mediæval condition, and some with all the evidence of age and decrepitude. The White Hart at Brentwood, albeit the front is of the coaching period, has still preserved the great depressed Tudor archways leading to its great double yards, beautifully moulded in black oak, and a fine gallery of pointed arches whence the fair sex once viewed the town cockfights. At Godalming and Hemel Hempstead there are considerable remains of the old half-timbered building, while the White Harts at Ware, St. Albans and Hertford are all of very great age, and possess internal evidence of the fact. At Hitchin there is a Red Hart with some traces of sixteenth century construction and almost unique in its name. But the best example within easy reach of London is at Godstone.

The building here is of various dates, mostly Elizabethan, but the nobly proportioned south wing may safely be ascribed in substance to the period of Richard II. Much of the old furniture is original, and it has been supplemented by the good taste of recent occupiers of the house. In the spacious courtyard, where the whirring of trim motor-cars has replaced the stamping and neighing of the relays of horses who once awaited the stage coach, can still be seen the old brew-house; while close by are the snuggeries for the postboys with their well-worn seats and tables. In the billiard-room is an open oak fireplace of the genuine sort. Wandering along the many winding corridors, the visitor peeps into quaint apartments, each with its characteristic furniture, and revels in the treasures of the great dining-room with its lustred chandeliers, valuable old china and paintings and massive ceiling of dark oak. Lastly there is a delightful old garden laid out after the manner loved by John Evelyn, and which won the praises of no less travelled a critic than William Cobbett.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, Sir Robert Clayton, ex-mayor of London, retired to a magnificent residence in Marden Park. Evelyn, in his diary, calls him " a prodigious rich Scrivener." He was a self-made man, and desiring to be remembered as a local magnate, he erected a pompous monument in Bletchingly Church and also caused the White Hart to be renamed in his honour the

Clayton Arms. This has since become the official name of the house, but the traditional name of the White Hart has lingered on, and is now being generally revived.

In London, the White Hart, Bishopsgate, still existed in the last century with the date 1480 on the front of one of its richly-mullioned oriels. Probably it belonged to Bethlehem Hospital. But much more famous, both in literature and history was the White Hart in the Borough. Here it was that Jack Cade established his headquarters on July 1st, 1450. In the yard of that inn, he beheaded "one Hawaydine of Sent Martyne." This building remained standing until the great fire of Southwark in 1675. Its successor on the same site possessed the largest sign in London, except one at the Castle Tavern in Fleet Street. We all have revelled in the story of the introduction of Mr. Sam Weller to Mr. Pickwick in the yard of this old house.

In due time, Richard II was deposed, and the Swan of Henry IV and the Antelope and Red Lion of the House of Lancaster took its place on the signboards of new inns of the class under consideration. With Edward IV came the White Lion, with Richard III the White Boar, and with the early Tudor sovereigns the Rose and Crown, the Portcullis and the Red Dragon, the latter in connection with the Principality of Wales. The Gun is also a Tudor sign, referring to the reign of

Edward VI. James I introduced the Unicorn, but it was also frequently adopted as an apothecary's sign, the horn (probably that of the narwhal) being regarded as an antidote to all poisons.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RED LION

WRITING in the *Spectator*, in 1711, Addison grumbled that "Our streets are filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans and Red Lions" and that "There is nothing like sound literature and good sense to be met with in these objects." However, since the days of good Queen Anne, we have rediscovered much of the lore of signboards, and know that each of the heraldic animals which he condemns could adorn a tale worth the telling and perhaps point an excellent moral. Not least among these is the story of the Red Lion and the manner in which it came to be carved or painted on the fronts of our old inns.

Next to the White Hart, the Red Lion is the sign most frequently to be met with in England. The two signs practically succeeded each other, when the White Hart of Richard II was devoured, as it were, by the Red Lion of the House of Lancaster.

The Lion appears for the first time as a supporter to the Royal Arms in the reign of Edward III. I have not been able to trace the origin of an inn

under the sign of the Lion to his reign; though, perhaps, the Black Lion at Walsingham may take its name from the badge of Queen Philippa and may therefore be the Black Lion of Hainault. She came thither on pilgrimage with her husband to offer thanks for the happy conclusion of the French Wars after the Treaty of Bretigny.

There is also a delightful Black Lion at Bishop Stortford, the interior of which is worth special study. The present building dates from the early sixteenth century.

If we are to track the Lion to his lair, we may find it behind that frowning old gateway, masked with battlemented towers and loopholes, which still survives near the fish-market at Ghent, in Flanders, and is known as the Gravensteen, the ancient palace of the Counts of Flanders. For here, in 1340, was born the second son of Edward III, John of Gaunt. Had Jacques van Artevelde, the celebrated brewer and Flemish patriot, succeeded in his scheme to get the son of Edward III elected Count of Flanders the course of history would have been changed, and maybe the Golden Lion of Flanders would have become a far more common sign on our public houses. But the burghers flew to insurrection at the very idea of an alien sovereign, and Van Artevelde was assassinated. The young prince returned to England, was created Duke of Lancaster, and ultimately married the daughter of Pedro the Cruel, King of Leon and Castile. On his father-in-law's

death he claimed the throne of Castile, and in pursuance of that policy adopted the Red Lion as his badge.

Here it is worth while to be cautious. John of Gaunt was an unscrupulous reactionary and was never popular. It is most unlikely that his sign appeared on public-houses. Some have suggested that the Red Lion came into popularity (because he protected Wiclif) as a Lollard sign, corresponding to the Red Flag of these latter days. The House of Lancaster were constantly intriguing with the Lollards as long as it was expedient from the political point of view. Readers of the old traditional play of Henry IV (on which Shakespeare based his play of the same name) will remember how Prince Henry made a boon companion of the turbulent Lollard leader, Sir John Oldcastle, deserting him only when he came to the throne as Henry V. Shakespeare, by the way, has preserved many of these episodes. But the age of Elizabeth had forgotten Oldcastle's eccentricities and knew him only as one of Foxe's martyrs. Hence our immortal bard was prudent enough to change the name of Oldcastle to Falstaff and develop " the Fat Knight " into the character which so vastly amused the Virgin Queen. But again we can find no inn to which the Lollard designation will apply. After all, the town inn was still of great official importance. Mine Host would not be free to indulge his own caprice, and besides he would be wise enough not to adver-

tise that he meddled with questionable matters. On the other hand, the unlicensed alehouse would not dare to exhibit a royal badge.

We reach firmer ground in the reign of Henry V. A landlord of the Red Lion at Sittingbourne, in 1820, advertised his establishment as " Remarkable for an entertainment made by Mr. John Norwood for King Henry V, as he returned from the Battle of Agincourt in France, in the year 1415, the whole amounting to no more than nine shillings and nine pence, wine being at that time only a penny a pint and all other things proportionately cheap." Similar traditions are preserved in other parts of the country. The troops returning from Agincourt held revel in the great hall of the George at Speldhurst ; the licence of the Red Lion near by was issued in 1415. In the north wing of the Red Lion at Biddenden the carved gables and barge boards are of early fifteenth-century work and so are many of the heavily timbered ceilings within the house. The internal framing of the Red Lion inns at Herne and Herne Hill, also in Kent, are of the same date, and all these inns claim to have existed for about 500 years. The Red Lion at Colchester, one of the finest of our mediæval inns, contains much carved work of the fifteenth century, but in this case there is no proof of it having become an inn before 1500.

Not all Red Lion inns owe their origin to Agincourt or to Henry V. The Red Lion was the

favourite badge of Cardinal Wolsey, and it is quite possible that amongst many other powers the great statesman assumed the right of issuing licences. Certainly to him must be ascribed the Red Lion at Hampton-on-Thames which was first opened for the convenience of the workpeople engaged in building Hampton Court. The Red Lion appears in the Royal Arms of Scotland, and this sign may have hailed the accession of James I, although it was not a favourite badge of the Stuarts. Besides all this, the sign is a most effective one, whether stencilled on a flat board or carved in profile. When the time came for the innkeeper to be free to adopt whatever device he pleased we can quite understand how his fancy was so often attracted to the King of Beasts. Hence the number of carved animals which mount guard over tavern doors in all parts of the country, and especially over coaching houses on the great roads, such as Buckden, High Wycombe, Dorking or Fakenham.

The Red Lion at Buckden was originally the property of the Knights Templar. Behind its outer shell of brick the old fifteenth-century structure remains in all the glory of its moulded beams and oak carvings. The kitchen with its curious roof ribs meeting in a boss adorned with the *Agnus Dei* is worth travelling many miles to see.

Another Red Lion, at Dunkirk on the road to Canterbury, recalls the memory of that last rising

of the Men of Kent in 1838, under a picturesque adventurer known by his adherents as Sir William Courtenay and by the unbelieving as "Mad Thom." He took for his banner the Red Lion. No doubt he was possessed by a real enthusiasm for the poor and friendless, and it would be unwise for the stranger to speak in a disparaging way of him among the Blean folk even after the lapse of a hundred years. But religious mania and the excitement of leading a desperate band of agricultural labourers provoked violent breaches of the law and eventually murder. The military had to be called in, shots were exchanged and Courtenay with several of his followers fell mortally wounded. His body lay in the outhouse adjoining the Red Lion, until corruption set in, the authorities hoping thus to dispel the idea among his ignorant adherents that he was a divine personage.

During the popular craze for Alchemy among the early Stuarts some may possibly have been suggested by the fact that the Red Lion is the name given to a certain transmutation process which was then thought to be of great value.

As we visited Ghent in search of the lair of the Red Lion, so we may chance upon the spoor of the White Lion in the rival city of Bruges. Josse de Bul, founder of the Hospice St. Josse, rests in the Chapel of that institution, and attached to the escutcheon on his tomb may be seen the White

Lion, the badge of Edward IV. The honour was bestowed upon him in token of his hospitality to various Yorkist nobles.

It would be an interesting problem to disentangle why the White Lion is hardly ever to be seen in the County of Kent, whereas in Surrey it is the usual Lion of the signboards. There is a prettily situated old White Lion with half-timbered walls at Farnborough just inside the Kentish border. Most of my readers must know the fine coaching house at Cobham on the Portsmouth road ; the equally ancient and picturesque house at Warlingham with its low-pitched ceilings and quaint inglenook ; or the historic White Lion at Guildford, which in Aubrey's time, over two hundred years ago, could make up fifty beds.

As red lions and red roses indicated the House of Lancaster, so white roses and white lions were the emblems of the rival House of York. In the troublous times of the Wars of the Roses, when a man who wished his head to rest secure on his shoulders was well advised to " keep in " with the dominant faction, signs might have been altered to suit circumstances. After a Yorkist victory, no doubt many a Red Lion was treated to a coat of whitewash. When the Lancastrians came into power again, the lion was well scrubbed, and polished with red ochre. Perhaps this is why, in old towns, the inhabitants cautiously refer to such inns as the Lion, without the distinction of colour ;

and very rarely do we find a Red Lion and a White Lion in the same district.*

The Golden Lion is the lion of Flanders and, associated with breweries, recalls the many Flemish brewers who were encouraged to settle in England by Edward III ; the Silver Lion is typical of the breweries of Picardy whose products of late years have surpassed in quality their Belgian rivals. When they settled in England they brought with them the hop plant ; hence English beer as opposed to ale, the traditional beverage :

> " Hops, heresy, pickerel and beer
> Came into England all in one year."

The Blue Lion, occasionally met with, is said to have been adopted in honour of the Prince of Denmark, the consort of Good Queen Anne.

* At Stevenage, on a Manor formerly the property of Westminster Abbey, the White Lion and the Red Lion exist within a short distance of each other. Both are of considerable age.

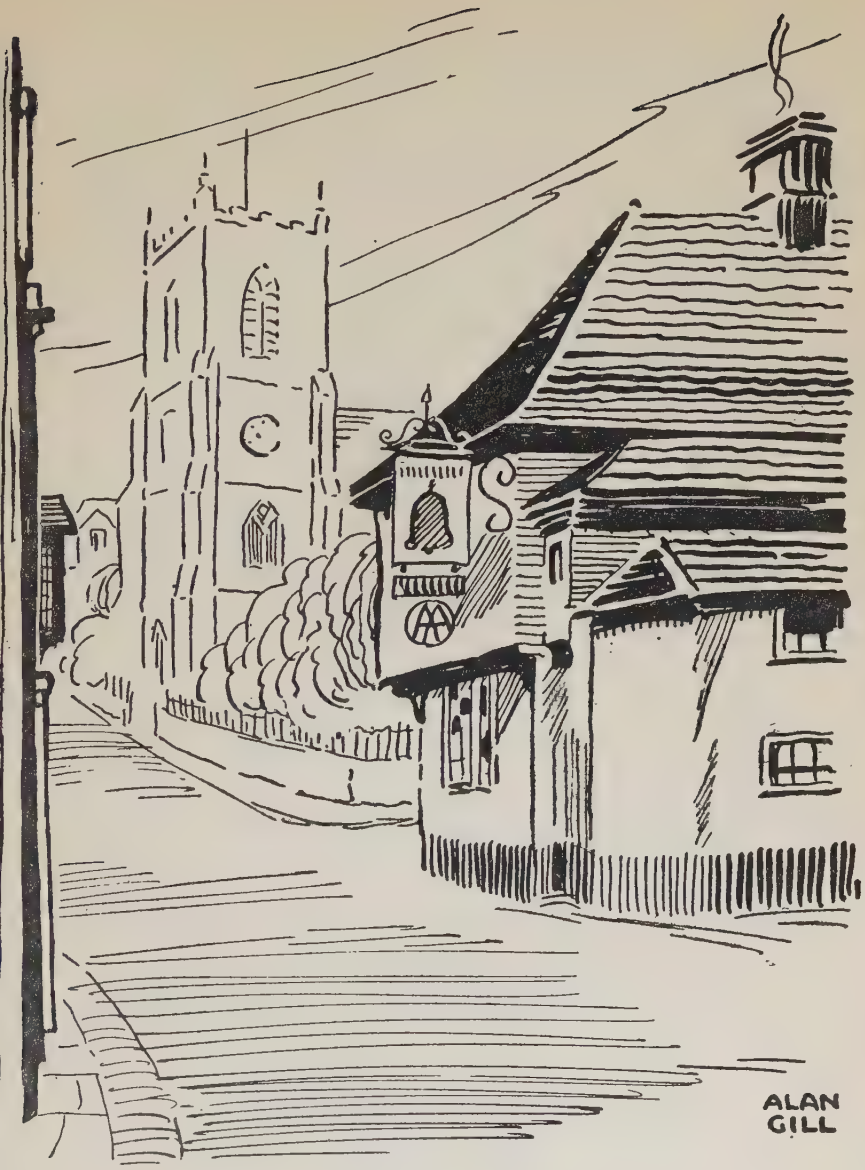
CHAPTER IX

THE BELL

IT stands under the very shadow of the church tower close by the lych gate ; the church-goer must pass within a yard or two of its hospitable doors. Sitting by the window of the bar parlour on a quiet Sabbath evening the visitor can follow every stage of the service and almost the very words of the preacher. And, maybe, if he is well versed in old architectural lore, he will note that the whitewashed beams are carved after an ecclesiastical pattern with lilies and roses, and that the aforesaid mullioned window is of just the same pattern as those in the clerestory of the Church itself.

How came this intruder upon the sanctity of God's Acre ? Is it in mockery that we find so often the sign of the George and Dragon hanging out right opposite the porch of a Church dedicated to St. George, the Cross Keys as neighbour to St. Peter, and the Angel to St. Michael ?

Diving into old records, we discover the astonishing fact that this public house was built where we



THE BELL, THETFORD

find it, close to the Church porch, by the authorities themselves. It was not intended merely for the entertainment of strangers, but to serve as a satellite of the Church and as a regular house of call for good Churchfolk. So far from it being scandalous for a person to go straight out of a place of worship into a public-house, it was just the most natural thing for a good Churchman to do in the best ages of the Church—from Apostolic times right down until the sectarian revolution of the eighteenth century. And so Church people placed their public-house as near to the Church as possible. Furthermore, in order that no parishioner could plead the excuse for not adjourning to the public-house after Divine Service on festivals, pious people left money in trust to provide the poor with refreshments free of charge.

For instance : John Champins of East Greenwich bequeathed three shillings in bread, two shillings in spice bread, a barrel of ale, a gallon of malmesey, etc., etc., and twenty pence to the Vicar and Wardens "to see it doun for ever."

Ethelred Barrow, in 1513, bequeathed land for a give ale on St. James's Day to include a quarter of malt and six bushels of wheat and vitell accordingly, "such yearly yervale to be maintayned while the world endureth."

Stephen Jacob of Longfield directs his heirs to make a "yerely geveall on Trinity Sunday of 5

bushels of wheat and 1 seame of barley and xiid. in cheese." These are just a few examples out of hundreds extracted from the registry of the Diocese of Rochester.* There is good evidence that the custom was equally common all over England.

Let us picture to ourselves an imaginary scene which may help us to understand what was in the mind of the Saints of old time. On a certain festival morning five men came into the Church to pray. There was a Knight of high degree, a Merchant, a Tax Collector, a Mason and a beggar in rags. They all knelt together in the Lord's own Service, till the solemn moment was reached when earth and heaven are made one, and all are gathered up into the presence of God before whom all men are equal. And as they joined in responding to the great "Our Father" the love of God stirred their hearts. The heart of the Knight yearned towards the Mason, and the Merchant felt that he could love even the Tax Collector and the Beggar in rags. Each man for God's sake loved his brother also.

At length the service was over. They came down from the Holy Mount and were leaving the Church each to go his own way. Each man had brought away something from the Divine Presence ; before this great love had worn away amid the cares of the world he wished to seal it. The Nobleman

* Thorpe's *Antiquities*, p. 41.

could not ask the Mason to his Castle ; the Merchant dare not invite the Tax Collector ; nor even could the Mason invite the Beggar, for there were class distinctions in these mediæval days just as there are now. But there, close at hand, was the Public House, their common home, where they could pledge their love in some simple form of hospitality which was within the reach of all. In the Church they had met together as children of God ; in the public-house they pledged their love as brother men. Over the porch of God's House is often carved the motto, " So God loved the World," over the entrance of the public-house we should write, " So men love each other."

The practice cannot be dismissed as a mediæval accretion. *Agapé* they called it in the time of the Apostles, " Church House " it is still called in the West of England, *the* House it is often termed in country villages. It belongs to every age of the Church. It is the Church's first outwork, a first opportunity given to man to put in practice the highest lesson religion can teach. And who can assert that the world has no need of it in this twentieth century ? Co-operation, it is true, is a craze of the day, but only for the purpose of emphasizing our divisions. Men are banding themselves together in unions the better to enable one class to wrest advantages from another class ; we form clubs for special sets of men according to their politics, professions or favourite hobbies.

But all these minister to sectarianism or class privilege. The public house remains the one protest against all class divisions. It ministers to the common needs of man and provides a place where men can meet as men on terms of perfect equality. Class hatred has done its utmost to degrade it, sectarianism has sworn its ruin. Surely, with the inspiration of good-will towards men, we cannot afford to pass by on the other side.

While our pastors are discussing academically the Unity of Christendom, the Public House is often supplying a practical solution of the problem. Would that I could take our perfervid teetotal Anglican Bishops into some *Gasthof* or humble *Trink-Stube* in the Black Forest and show them Lutheran pastor and Catholic priest hobnobbing most happily together over their evening litre of wine. And I know of a certain tavern not a hundred miles from Charing Cross where the choir of an Anglican Church foregather with a Roman Catholic choir. There are occasional arguments, all in good-humoured banter. On special days of festivity when there is extra music or ceremonial it is not etiquette to inquire too closely about the visitors assisting in the Anglican choir stalls or vice versa in the organ gallery at the Roman Church.

Dean Stanley went so far as to hazard the suggestion that the " Upper Room " in which the great central service of Christianity was instituted

was just a banqueting-room over one of the great inns of Jerusalem. It was the natural place to choose for such occasions, just as a few years ago meetings of the Church Missionary Society were held in the Assembly Room over the Freemasons' Tavern in Battersea.*

In early times the parish clergy, who not infrequently were married men, were expected to entertain travellers. The Rolls of Parliament for 1379 contain a complaint that, owing to the non-residence of the Clergy, this duty was in danger of lapsing. The real difficulty which had arisen was the system of appropriation by which the rectory and its main income had been acquired by a religious house, and the parish was left with a half-starved Vicar who was obviously unable to keep up an establishment. By hook or crook the Monasteries managed to acquire the appropriation of livings all over England. The tithes of Eglingham in Northumberland were secured by the Abbey of St. Albans "in order that they might be able to provide their guests with a better quality of beer." The same excuse afterwards obtained them grant of the living of Norton in Hertfordshire and two-thirds of the tithes of Hartburn in Northumberland. But while the Abbot's guests revelled in the more luxurious brew, travellers in many country districts had to go further and fare worse for a lodging.

At Lurgashall, in Sussex, there is an ancient

* Wasson: *Religion and Drink*, p. 96.

closed porch of wood extending the whole length of the south aisle, which local tradition asserts was built to house parishioners who had attended the Sunday Mass and wished to stay for Vespers ; many other Churches, like Boxley and Lakenheath, possess western extensions which may originally have served the same purpose. And then there was the Church House.

" In every Parish," says Aubrey, in the introduction to his *Natural History of Wiltshire*, " there was a Church House, to which belonged spits, crocks and other utensils for dressing provisions." It also included a commodious brewhouse. Parishes often united to hold " Church Ales " on an extra large scale. Every parish, at least once a year, held its Church Ale at Whitsuntide and also on its dedication feast, very much on the lines of a Flemish *Kermesse*. At Christmas the three Masses were, according to the ancient Sarum use, said consecutively. All parishioners were expected to attend and afterwards would sit down to a gorgeous banquet in the Church House. The custom is referred to in the amusing story by Alphonse Daudet " Les trois Messes Basses " in *Lettres de Mon Moulin*.

Church Ales were originally wholesome innocent festivities, but ultimately they became commercialised for the benefit of Church funds, especially after the Reformation, when extra strong ale was brewed for these occasions, and for the good of the

OLD CHURCH HOUSE, WEST WYCOMBE.

cause men vied with each other who could drink the largest quantity. The Church House survives at West Wycombe in Buckinghamshire where it is still used for Church purposes. Buildings which were originally Church Houses are common all over England.

The story of the Church House at Tintinhull, as related by Bishop Hobhouse, might be told in many parishes in other parts of England. First, the bakehouse was used for making the *pain bénit*. In time this developed into a bakery, supplying the whole neighbourhood with bread. From brewing ale on Church festivals, the brewhouse undertook the regular sale of malt liquor ; and it was a profitable business for the Churchwardens. With the enforcement of the licensing laws, it became a regular tavern.

Probably we can explain in one or other of the above ways the presence of inns or public houses closely adjoining the Church and exhibiting semi-religious signs such as the Bell, Anchor, or Noah's Ark. The Bell is a favourite sign all over England and can nearly always be traced to ecclesiastical origin ; although outside the Bell at Finedon, near Wellingborough, which claims to be one of the very oldest of inns, there hung a portrait of a prepossessing young lady and the lines :

> " Queen Edith, Lady once of Finedon,
> Where, at the Bell, good fare is dined on."

At the old Bell in Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row (which fifty years ago still retained its old galleried yard and seventeenth century kitchen), there died in 1684 the good Archbishop Leighton. "He often used to say that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn," remarks Burnet. "And he obtained what he desired." Half the parish churches in England have an old Bell inn within a stone's throw of them. These are, as a rule, picturesque and quaint as becomes their period, usually Elizabethan. Some have come down to us in almost their original condition like the Bell at Waltham St. Laurence. Others have waxed rich and imposing, like the Bell at Faringdon, without losing either quaintness or interest. And between these is the best class of all, those that have been content to grow slowly and suit themselves to their own times, like the Bell at Lakenheath, just where the fen country meets the breezy warrens of Suffolk. When we first visited it, many years ago, we found the Parson and his choir happily moistening their throats together after their practice in the Church immediately opposite. We hope for the good of all concerned that the practice—in both senses—still continues.

Many Churches by the force of circumstances have become inns. It is well known that the George at Huntingdon, a large inn with a courtyard so attractive that every visitor feels compelled to take

a snapshot at it, contains the remains of a former Church dedicated to St. George. The stones of St. Benedict's Church in the same town were used

THE RISING SUN, FETCHAM, LEATHERHEAD

for the building of an hotel in the district, and some of the carved roof timbers ornament the tap-room of the Crown. Old inns within the walls of Churches also exist at Abbeydore, at Whittlesford and at Eastrea, near Cambridge.

The Black Horse, a thatched house about 250 years old, on the road between Stoke Mandeville and Aston Clinton was an early place of worship for the Quaker community; while the Rising Sun at Fetcham, Leatherhead, snugly nestling in an avenue of trees near the river, is traditionally supposed to have been once a Chapel. The old Red Lion at Brentford, now removed, was used as a Church by the notorious Horne Tooke when he was Vicar of Brentford.

In the village of Ribchester, about nine miles from Preston, the remains of a Roman temple, dedicated to Minerva, will be found incorporated in the village inn, the White Bull. The porch is formed out of the Doric pillars of the portico. Thus, what was formerly devoted to Minerva is now pressed into the service of Bacchus.

The Saracen's Head is not exactly a religious sign, but we may be excused for concluding this chapter with a tale that is told about the inn at Towcester, described in Pickwick, and now known under a different name. The kitchen where the rival Editors from Eatanswill came to blows has become a smoking-room and has otherwise been modernised. But the two statues of Venus and Apollo still stand in their niches over the great door and were the subject of a conversation between a new hostess and a stable hand.

"Whose likenesses are these?" inquired the lady.

"Well, ma'am, they call 'em Junus and Wenus. I don't know who they were, but you may read about 'em in the Bible."

CHAPTER X

THE TABARD

SIXTY years ago there still remained in the Borough half a dozen old inns which had preserved their external features of past centuries unchanged, and had escaped alike the rage for public improvement and the encroachments of private speculation. "Great, rambling, queer old places, with galleries and passages and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories, supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any, and that the world should exist long enough to exhaust the innumerable veracious legends connected with old London Bridge and its adjacent neighbourhood on the Surrey side."

Prominent among these was the Tabard, a successor of the famous house whence Geoffrey Chaucer and his goodly company set out on their pilgrimage to Canterbury. In 1307, the Abbot of Hyde had built a residence here with an inn

adjoining it, and later on obtained a licence for a Chapel. Evidently the speculation proved a very successful one. The situation among good gardens and orchards, just a convenient distance from the river and the bustle of city traffic, appealed to a good class of travellers. Harry Bailey, the innkeeper in Chaucer's time, represented Southwark in two parliaments. One of his successors, William Rutton, sat in parliament for East Grinstead in 1529.

"A seemly man our Hoste was withal
For to have been a marshal in a hall.
A large man he was, with even stepe,
A fairer burgess is there none in Chepe:
Bold of his speech and wise, and well ytaught
And of manhood him lackede right naught.
Eke thereto he was right a merry man."

The original house was extensive, with a frontage of many gables to the Borough, and an archway through which the first great square was entered. Three sides of this square were occupied by offices and chambers: on the fourth side were the brew-house, harness-rooms and storehouses; and a Tudor archway of massive oak led to the second square surrounded by stables. To these the experienced travellers would first repair in order to see their horses rubbed down and given a feed of corn; then they would be ready for their own supper, generally at a fixed hour and a fixed price corres-

ponding to the modern *table d'hôte*. The table was formed by a series of trestles bridged with loose boards, set out in the great hall, and provided for guests, servants and household alike, the mark of distinction being to be placed above or below the great silver ship of salt.

Forks had not yet been introduced, and carving with implements then in use was a task requiring much skill and more patience ; so large joints rarely appeared on the board. " Gobbets " or small pieces of meat cooked separately might sometimes be seen, but as a rule the food was of a kind that each diner could negotiate easily with spoon and fingers. Stews and minces were popular with furmenty porridge, venison pies and mutton pasties. Chaucer also mentions " mortrews," which were a kind of pudding made of pounded meat and bread-crumbs with yolks of eggs and seasoned heavily with pepper and spices. The wooden platters were eked out by flat wheaten cakes. Fish was much in demand, and like other viands was generally enriched with much oil, fat and condiments. Whatever the menu, we are assured that there was plenty and that Chaucer and his friends washed it down with copious draughts of Kentish ale and cider or Sussex wines.

Fingers, where there were no forks and very few knives, had to be very much in evidence. The manner in which persons ate out of a dish with their fingers would indicate their position and

degree of culture. Chaucer tells us of the Nonne-prioresse :

"At meete well i-taught was sche withalle ;
Sche leet no morsell from hire lippes falle ;
Ne wette her fingers in her saucè deepe,
Wel cowde sche carry a morsell and wel keepe,
That no droppe fel uppon hire breast ;
In curtesie was sett all hire hest
Hire overlippe wipped sche so clene
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grees, when sche dronken had hire draught.
Full seemely after her meat she raughte,
And silkerly she was of great disport."

The suggestion from this is that a drinking vessel had to be shared with others and that therefore one should wipe the mouth before drinking in order not to make the glass unpleasant for the person who shall next take a drink from it.

An hour or two of merry converse and a cup or two more of wine—and so to bed. Bedsteads as we know them now did not come into vogue till the middle of the fifteenth century ; and the habit of discarding clothes for a night-dress was regarded as an effeminate novelty even later. Carpets were used only in the way of wall-hangings or to protect windows. The rooms were strewed with rushes or straw and on these the serving men and retainers lay down and stretched themselves either in the hall or in the stables. The beds of the better class of people were just boxes filled with straw or even

long sacks. On these was spread a sort of mattress. Of furniture there would be nothing except perhaps a chair and an oaken chest. The wardrobe would be in a separate apartment.

Chaucer and his friends were installed in Chambers which "weren wide," not in small separate rooms. From a later lease of the Tabard we learn that these Chambers bore the name of the "Rose Parlour, Clyff Parlour, Crowne Chamber, Key Chamber, Corne Chamber," etc. It was characteristic of the old spacious days that each room should have its own name and not a mere number.* The custom continued in many old-fashioned inns down to the last century and was the occasion of much pothouse humour.

A dispute arose between two frequenters of a taproom as to whether the Moon was inhabited. One wagered against the other and the landlord was called in to arbitrate.

"Bless my soul," exclaimed the latter. "Of course it's inhabited. There's a lady and gentleman having supper there!"

According to Taylor, the Water Poet (about 1637), carriers from Cranbrook and Benenden in Kent, and from Lewes, Petworth, Uckfield and Cuckfield in Sussex, had their headquarters at the Tabard. Some portions of the house may have survived the great fire in Southwark of 1676, after which for a

* "Lights in the Sun, John, make up the fire." So the landlord of the Saracen's Head, Towcester, welcomed Mr. Pickwick and his friends after their journey through the rain.

time it bore the strange sign of the Talbot. About forty years ago it was demolished, and its memory is only recalled to the wayfarer by an inscription in the modern imitation Gothic restaurant that occupies a portion of the site.

The Queen's Head was another old galleried inn, built on the site of a much more ancient house called the Crowned or Cross Keys, that belonged to the Poyning family. The Queen's Head was frequented by carriers from Portsmouth, Rye, Godstone and Lamberhurst. Its owner, about 1635, was one John Harvard from whose bequest originated the great College in Massachusetts, and the fact is well commemorated by the Harvard Chapel in Southwark Cathedral. This inn finally disappeared during the late war. The White Hart was the largest inn of Southwark and the King's Head was of considerable size. A fragment—a very precious one—has come down to us of the old George, with its three tiers of galleries, dating from 1670.

The description of the yard of the White Hart in *Pickwick Papers* gives us an idea of the condition of these old inns in their decline, when they were chiefly employed as the abiding and booking places of country wagons. It "presented none of that bustle and activity which are the usual characteristics of a large coach inn. Three or four lumbering wagons, each with a pile of goods beneath its ample canopy, about the height of the second floor window

of an ordinary house, were stowed away beneath a lofty roof which extended over one end of the yard ; and another, which was probably to commence its journey that morning, was drawn out into the open space. A double tier of bedroom galleries, with old clumsy balustrades, ran round two sides of the area, and a double row of bells to correspond, sheltered from the weather by a little sloping roof, hung over the door leading to the bar or coffee-room. Two or three gigs and chaise carts were wheeled up under different little sheds and penthouses ; and the occasional heavy tread of a cart-horse, or rattling of a chain at the further end of the yard, announced to anyone who cared about the matter that the stables lay in that direction."

The disposal of the bedchambers around the quadrangle, with access by means of external galleries, dates from an early period in the history of the art of storiation. It was continued, because it afforded a good chance of escape from the fires to which these timber-and-plaster buildings were always liable. Each guest also would be able to watch over his property and come quickly to the rescue of his horse and valuables supposing any disturbance should arise.

There is still a Tabard in the Borough High Street, but it is not the Tabard of Chaucer, just as there is a Globe which knew not Shakespeare—albeit both provide cheer and comfort to the inner man. In the side turnings off the Borough there

are still discoveries to be made by the searcher after things new and old which will illustrate the by-ways of human life and character. Little country inns long ago absorbed into narrow drab streets and yet somehow preserving within them a rural atmosphere ; bigger ones with old-fashioned parlours where foregather jovial souls ; inner sanctuaries where, once the stranger has passed his probation, he can find sterling friendships of untold worth. Not to be missed among these is the famous Ship and Shovel, close to Guy's Hospital. The building dates from about the time when the gallant admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, was flying his pennant. But it is doubtful whether the sign derives from him or was once a house of meeting for stevedores and other skilled dockers. The Ship and Shovel is most renowned for the priceless table on which are carved the names of the great physicians who began their career in the wards at " Guy's." A more precious treasure this than even that wondrous tablecloth in a great restaurant in Vienna, on which are inscribed the signatures of the majority of the reigning sovereigns of Europe, the members of the House of Hapsburg, and of a great number of celebrities in art, music and letters. The names were written on the cloth in pencil, the proprietress of the establishment afterwards carefully embroidering them.

CHAPTER XI

THE CHECQUERS

AT Merton, which is nigh unto Tooting, which is a somewhat untidy suburb of London, there still exist a few mouldering remnants of an old abbey. Within the walls of that abbey the barons of England met in the year of grace 1236 to discuss whether they should adopt Canon Law, like the rest of Europe. Their decision is expressed in the historic sentence: *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare*; which, so far as consequences go, may be freely translated, "You can drive a coach and four through an Act of Parliament."

All the inns that we have described in previous chapters grew up under the protection of some authority, and were very strictly regulated by laws dating from the reign of Henry II onwards. We learn, incidentally, that there were other people carrying on the business of innkeepers who were able more or less to evade both the local authority and the statutory regulations. Attempts were made to

bring these into line by statutes of Edward III in 1349, which refer to the class of *Herbergers* or keepers of unlicensed hostelries. Even at the present day, anyone is at liberty to start business as an innkeeper without any licence whatever, although his operations would not become extensive before he came into collision with three or four out of the thousand and one public bodies, whose mission it is to obstruct the life and doings of a modern Englishman.

Wine was sold freely, except in London, where the Vintners' Company had acquired certain vague and shadowy rights which later developed into reasonable regulations. The alehouse keeper was still better off and might conduct his business in any way he pleased, provided only that the ale was good, and that he hung out a proper sign for the guidance of the ale-tester.

The Bush and the Bunch of Grapes are signs which have always existed and have always served their turn in every age by every civilised nation under heaven. Civilisation follows the grape. They were as well known in ancient Greece and Rome as in modern London and Paris. When such signs exist on the line of the old Roman roads through Europe, who is to say whether the wine-shops they adorn have come down to us from the far distant past? Empires may come and go, but the trade of the wine-seller goes on. Roman and Goth, Frank and Gaul, Saxon and Norman

are all ready enough to quench their thirst at the same tap. And these conjectures apply still more to that most mysterious of all signs the Checquers.

Over and over again it is to be seen in the streets of Pompeii, and some suppose that originally it implied that draughts and similar games might be played therein. Dr. Lardner tells us* that it was the emblem of the money-changer throughout mediæval Europe, because the primitive banker made his calculations on a " bank " or table divided into squares by white lines, in which he arranged counters in the various divisions according to his transactions. This table was termed an Exchequer (from its resemblance to a chess board) and a similar table hung outside his office. This sign afterwards was adopted by tavern-keepers, who would be only too willing to act as money-changers especially in seaport towns.

All along the Watling Street from Richborough by Rochester to Towcester and Chester ; on the Ermine Street by Ware and Godmanchester and Lincoln, on the Fosse Way and on many another relic of the Roman roadmaker the traveller is always happening upon the sign of the Checquers. Four-square and thatched, as at Redbourne, of Kentish Wing plan, as at Ash, broad, with half-timbered gables in graceful pattern, as at Tunbridge ; swollen into a coaching inn, as at Royston

* Dr. Lardner's *Arithmetic*, p. 44.

and St. Albans (now demolished), or a mere fragment turned into shops as is the Checquers on the Hope, where Chaucer lodged at Canterbury. Who can say whether any of these are genuine successors of Roman *tabernæ*? Who can tell? These are matters with which Monkish chroniclers do not concern themselves, and in troublous times leases are of no account.

Straws may help to tell us which way the wind blows, and the observance of some old custom is always significant. In some inns the tradition of the ever-burning fire is kept up and suggests a period when fire was so valuable that its constant maintenance was a religious duty. At the Checquers at Slapestones, in the Hambleton Hills, North Yorkshire, a peat fire has been maintained aglow for at least two hundred years. When, some years ago, the chimney needed repairs, the old fire was most carefully saved in a bucket by the then owner, Mr. William Farnaby. The house had been in the hands of Mrs. Farnaby's family for a century and a half previously.

At the Plough in the Upper Dicker, the fire in the great tap-room was never allowed to go out; though here can be found some excuse, as within these thick walls the place would have been like an ice-house, even in midsummer.

Unfortunately, as a drink-shop sign in the Middle Ages the Checquers was quite ordinary, and so many other inferences are apt to intrude on our

speculations. Many noble families adopted a shield of checquer pattern. Some of these, like the Earls of Warrenne,* held estates in various parts of England, and were frequently engaged in travel on the King's Service. Often, too, like the Holly Bush, the Seven Thorns, or the Crab Tree, it may simply indicate a natural feature. The Checquer Tree occasionally survives in the south of England, and is a poor relation of the medlar.

Another sign found on the old Roman roads is the Fountain. Anciently, it may have served to indicate the neighbourhood of a spring or well of sweet water, such as would be frequented by the better class who spoke French. Places where the common folk rested when their beasts were thirsty would be called waterings or springs. The Fountain at Canterbury has the longest continuous record of existence of any inn in England ; that at Huntingdon is probably very old, and there is another, on the line of the ancient Stone Street at Chichester. But the Fountain is also an emblem of St. Alban, the first English martyr.

One difficulty experienced in tracing the wayside inn is that the actual sign found in connection with it may be of quite recent origin. The Crown Inn at Sarre in Kent, famous for its cherry brandy, has only assumed that name during the last century. In 1696 it was known as the Plough ; then the

* There is not much authority for the suggestion that an Earl of Warrenne granted Vintners' Licences.

Hare and Hounds was succeeded in a very few years by the Turkey ; which, in 1785, became the Half-Way House. The walls of the building itself possibly date from about 1500. Leases, when they exist, rarely describe the trade of the establishments and merely describe them as copyholds, farms or tenements.

Next, as to the beverages provided. A small amount of wine was produced in England. Old towns often preserve the memory of it in a street called " The Vineyard." One remains in Fulham to this day. But, with the increasing vagaries of the climate, the industry died out. Wine-houses were to be found chiefly in large towns, for wine, except where the grape vine is of natural growth, is only available for the nobility and merchant class. It is the drink for those who would rule the world, so the learned Dr. Arthaud maintains. In the eyes of Zoroaster, Plato, Aristotle and Cicero, the barbarian was he who inhabited the regions where the fruit of the vine was unknown. High civilisation has always accompanied the culture of the grape.

Ale or beer, on the contrary, are traditional in the colder temperate zone, wherever wheat and barley flourish. In the latest work on the subject,* Dr. Huber, of the German Society for the History and Bibliography of Brewing, shows how largely it entered into the domestic and public life of Babylon

* *Bier und Bierbereitung*, Berlin, 1926.

and Egypt. As long ago as 7,000 years, beer was part of the ordinary dietary in the Euphrates valley, and he even suggests that by 1,000 B.C. the Chaldeans were using hops.

Malt liquor was the great national beverage in England from the very earliest times. The ale of the Middle Ages was made from malt barley and water with yeast or barm added. Anything else was regarded as an adulterant. It was a comparatively light drink which any ordinary person could brew at trifling expense and trouble, and was the healthiest and most enjoyable thirst-quencher for the hard worker. Nothing could be better suited for agricultural workers who have to work so strenuously, facing all the extremes of our climate. To the rustic ale or beer are a necessity, if his conditions of life are to be pleasant or even endurable. Except in the cider districts, there is no drink hitherto discovered that can take their place to sustain and revive his nerves and make glad his heart. And lastly, *pure* ale or beer can be consumed in comparatively large quantities without injury to the system, the phosphates compensating for the small proportion of alcohol which they contain.

Anyone was free to brew his own beer. A hundred years ago, labourers still brewed in their own cottages ; scarcely fifty years ago, farmers and colleges continued to maintain their brew-houses, and many public-houses brewed at least a portion of

THE BARLEY MOW, CLIFTON HAMPDEN

their supply down to the beginning of the late war. Before the first Licensing Act in the reign of Edward VI, anybody who pleased could commence business as an ale-seller without needing a licence. The one thing required of him or her was that the ale must be pure, good measure must be given, and the price must be reasonable.

In every manor, an assize of bread and ale was held periodically ; every corporation had its duly appointed Ale Tester, and old records show that his office was one needing constant vigilance. In many towns ale was not permitted to be sold until the ale tester had reported its quality, and the alewife had to signalise a new brewing by hanging out a pole with a brush or bush at the end.

In Saxon times the alewife who sold bad ale was liable to be placed on a ducking-stool and dipped in a pool of water. Later on, the punishment might be commuted by a heavy fine or the closing of the alehouse. In 1364, Alice Causton, a London tavern-keeper, was convicted of altering her measures in a fraudulent way and had to stand in the pillory. Crimes of this sort could never be tolerated. In the famous fourteenth-century Miracle Play at Chester, wherein Christ descends into Hell and redeems the souls who expect His coming, the act closes with the episode of a fraudulent alewife who makes this terrible confession :

"Wo be to the tyme when I came heare!
Some time I was a tavernere,
A Gentel gossep, and a tapstere,
Of wine and ale a trusty brewer,
Which woe hath me beurought.
Of cannes I kept no true measure,
My cuppes I sold at my pleasure,
Deceaving many a creature.
With hoppes I made my ale stronge,
Ashes and erbes I blende amonge
And marred so good maulte."

This was a sin for which there could be no possible forgiveness. The angels turn away in horror and the demons carry her off and cast the shrieking wretch into the flaming furnaces below.

When sugar became cheap enough to compete in price with malt, it was part of the business of the ale-tester to see that this ingredient did not enter into the composition of beer or ale. He frequently resorted to a rough and ready, but very effective method of testing for the presence of sugar. A certain amount of the brew was poured on to a table. Then the tester, wearing a stout pair of leather breeches, proceeded to sit thereon. If at the end of a given time the breeches were sticking to the table and refused to come away readily, the tavern-keeper was adjudged guilty. Sometimes, in addition to the penalties which followed prosecution, the ale-tester was authorised to administer summary justice. The largest measure in the house

was filled with the liquor, and the ale-seller was then ordered to drink it. Whatever he left was poured over his head.

The following table, compiled with the aid of expert advice, will show the average strength of various beverages containing alcohol in ordinary use, as compared with the ale of mediæval England :

Port	20-25 per cent.
Sherry	17-20 „ „
Champagne	12-15 „ „
Burgundy	10-12 „ „
Hock or Red Claret	8-12 „ „
Chablis	8 „ „
Chianti	8-13 „ „
Bitter Ale	6-7 „ „
Stout	5-6 „ „
Dinner Ale	4-5 „ „
Country Mild Ale	3-4 „ „

Ale in the mediæval sense, unless that brewed for special occasions, like the Church ales, was of less strength than any of these. When it contained no hops or any other bittering herb, such as yarrow or heather, it would not keep for more than a week or so. An example of the large quantities which were consumed by all classes will be found in the expenditure accounts of Hampton Court Palace during the reign of Henry VIII. The personal allowance of each Maid of Honour was a gallon a day at each of four meals ; the Lord Chamberlain had four gallons in addition to a quart and a half of wine.

A Duke or Duchess was permitted to drink a gallon of ale three times a day and also a pitcher of wine after supper. But the Great Master of the Household absorbed each day ten gallons of ale at each meal as well as six quarts of wine. Presumably this was for a family and not for his own personal consumption.

Some of the inns at Bexley in Kent and elsewhere in the Midlands used to offer ale to their customers by the yard. The yard-of-ale glass was a very long slender tube, ending in a bulb and holding about two pints. A pleasantry in these houses was to wager that the yard of ale could not be drunk off ; the result of any attempt by the unwary was that, as soon as the bulb was reached, the rush of air discharged all the rest of the liquid over the drinker.

Originally, the distinction between beer and ale might be thus defined :

Ale, a liquor brewed from malt, to be drunk fresh.

Beer, a liquor brewed from malt and hops, intended to keep.*

Beer is first heard of at the end of the fourteenth century as a drink to which Flemish immigrants were addicted. A Sussex writer,† a hundred years later, condemns it as " a naturall drynke for a Dutche man." He complains that " It kylleth them the which be troubled with the colycke and

* Marchant : *In Praise of Ale*, p. 44.

† Andrew Bond.

the stone and the strangulian," and also that " It is a cold drynke, yet it doth make a man fat." Henry VI forbade the importation of hops, but the new manner of brewing steadily grew into favour in spite of all prejudice in the trade and the many local enactments to suppress it.

Before the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, hops had become an ordinary ingredient in all beers and ales, except those of the poorest quality, and we learn from Dekker, in his *Satiromastix*, that there was a whole series of qualities sold in London, viz. :

Single beer, or small beer.
Double beer.
Double-double beer.
March ale, very choice and expensive, and generally kept for two years before being offered for sale.
Dagger ale, sharp and very strong.

The latter took its name from a famous house in Holborn, mentioned by Ben Jonson in the *Alchymist* as a place of resort for festive citizens. It competed for the favour of connoisseurs with the Peacock in Gray's Inn Lane, then noted for its Burton ale. Of this strong ale, the quantity to be drunk was necessarily much smaller in proportion, and Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour had to be content with a quart of strong ale at each of their meals.

The art of brewing ale must at this period have reached its zenith. Gin and other foreign distilled waters had yet to find their victims. Not then had

tea, coffee and such-like foreign drugs arrived to undermine the Briton's nerves and digestion. Is it a mere coincidence that the reign of Queen Elizabeth marked the Golden Age of English literature ; the age most remarkable for romantic exploits and daring adventures of Englishmen at home and overseas ? That this was so happy and secure a time for the ordinary citizen who was content to keep out of political controversy ? And that the most clear-headed and far-seeing in state-craft of all the sovereigns who have sat upon the throne in England was notoriously a lover of even stronger potations than her subjects ?

CHAPTER XII

THE WOOLPACK

NEXT to the Church, no more potent civilising influence has been found than that of the trader. Wherever a possible buyer exists, there adventurous souls will brave all the perils of wild beasts, trackless deserts, uncharted oceans, mountain passes and robber-haunted forests to reach the place and do business. To the merchants, and especially the foreign merchants, we owe a great debt for their part in the making of England.

Under the feudal system trade was under irksome restraint. Whatever its merits for the agriculturist, feudalism was incompatible with burgher life and independent industry or enterprise. English trade was practically confined to the export of skins, lead, tin and wool.

After the Norman Conquest, William I invited merchants from Rouen and Caen to settle in London. These demanded the same liberties that they had enjoyed in Normandy, and so London became a

free city, a centre whence both English and foreign merchants might obtain the valuable raw material for Flemish, French and German manufacturers. The foreigners not only brought hitherto unheard of luxuries for sale, but could excite the envy of gaping natives with their tale of the prosperity of their own cities and the freedom from irksome feudal laws. Seed of that sort, grown in good soil, was bound to bring a harvest like the dragon's teeth sown by the Argonauts.

With the policy of Edward III in reorganising the staple and encouraging foreign weavers to settle in England, wool became the most valuable kind of merchandise, both for export and for home trading. London Bridge is said to be built on woolpacks. The Lord Chancellor's seat to this day is referred to as "the woolsack"; and a woolsack was the recognised sign of the alehouses in many towns, particularly at Guildford. All is in recognition of the fact that our vast banking account owes its beginnings to the sheep farmer on the Downs and the Cotswolds, and to the excellent cloth woven in the weald of Kent, Somerset and Suffolk. Other trades grew into importance, not least among them the smelting of iron in Sussex; brickmaking, copper founding and high-class brewing were all being established by the Flemish settlers. Licence for the digging of coal was granted at Newcastle about 1272. The first fireplace for the burning of sea-coal in London was at the Jerusalem Chamber

at Westminster Abbey, about the year 1400, and the Abbey itself profited largely from coal dues. Apparently the monks, both in England and Scotland, were the first to exploit the use of coal. But wool was the chief bulky article of merchandise.

Occasionally the sign of the Woolpack is to be traced in large towns, as at High Wycombe, where the handsome Jacobean frontage remains—albeit converted into shops. More commonly the Woolpack inn will be met with on the line of the old obsolete packhorse ways—narrow tracks usually on the hill-side above the winter mudline, along which the long teams of laden nags journeyed in Indian file at the rate of about two miles an hour. There were even packhorse bridges, but hardly any survive.

The Woolpack at Warehorne on the hill overlooking Romney Marsh may be taken as an example of these inns. It stands just opposite a church of unusual size and excellence of workmanship for such a lonely situation—possibly built out of the offerings of the wool merchants. Within is a tap-room with a huge chimney corner, the very ideal of a smugglers' retreat. No doubt many a smuggler came here to carouse and plan a campaign in those halcyon days of the traffic when the platform under the pulpit at Kennardington church hard by—a lonely fane in the fields—was a recognised cellar for kegs of French brandy. Another Woolpack,

on the slope of the hill just below Chilham Castle and now a favourite centre for artists, lies on the track of a so-called Pilgrims' Way, by which wool was once transported for shipment at Canterbury or Sandwich.

So merchants found their way into the wilds of rural England exchanging, chiefly by barter, wares of all varieties for the precious packs of wool, and forming convenient depôts now indicated by the names of the inns where they stayed and stored their merchandise. The Three Kings is the sign of the mercers, because linen and thread was originally manufactured in Cologne and that bearing the trade mark of the " Three Crowns " had the highest reputation. The Golden Ball reminds us of the silk merchants whose wares first came through Constantinople from the East. The Unicorn was an early sign of chemists and druggists from the belief that the supposed horn (probably that of the narwhal) was an antidote to all poisons. The Sugar Loaf belonged to the grocer ; not many years ago the great white cone continued to be the chief ornament of every respectable shop in the trade. As to the Golden Fleece, it belonged to the woollen drapers.

The great opportunity for business was at the local fair. Farmer and tradesman then settled their accounts and were in a position to renew their stocks and embark on new speculations or purchase choice luxuries for their own families. Even now, as in the

time of Cobbett, the fair is the special time chosen by the countryman to make his bargains. By attending at each fair in turn, merchants of all kinds could travel in company, forming together with their servants a body of men strong enough to repel most attempts at wayside robbery. Not only had they to fear the attacks of the outlaw ; in the fourteenth century nobles were not averse from lying in wait for the coming of some rich convoy. Hear, for instance, the complaint of some Lichfield merchants to their lord, the Earl of Arundel, in 1342.*

Two servants and two horses, laden with spicery and mercery worth forty pounds—say, anything up to a thousand pounds of our money—were on the way to Stafford Market. Beneath Cannock Wood, Roger de Rideware, knight, came upon them, seized on the whole party and took them captive to Lappeley Priory where an organized troop awaited them and shared the booty. One servant escaped and hastened to Lichfield to complain to the bailiff. He went with his officers in pursuit, came up with the robbers and a pitched battle took place with many casualties. Eventually the spices were recovered and four of the offenders beheaded on the spot.

But this was not the end. Roger de Rideware found fresh reinforcements, overtook the bailiff, who was this time defeated, and he carried off the spices again in triumph. The merchants proceeded

* *Archæological Journal*, IV, 69.

to Stafford in the hope of finding justice there. But at the gates of the town, retainers of Roger de Rideware barred their passage by force of arms and they had to retreat to Lichfield. Even there they complain that they are in fear of their lives and dare not go out of the town at all. And this episode is by no means an exception. Until Henry VII, once for all, took drastic measures to separate the country noble from his horde of retainers, trade continued to be menaced by these gentry, who, like robbers of the Rhine, depended for their maintenance on this kind of brigandage.

By common consent shipowners made a rule not to send their vessels out after Martinmas (November 11th) and endeavoured to get them in port by the previous Michaelmas. Many traders had to winter in foreign ports and common interests drew them together to form Guilds or Hanse, as they were called, clustering perhaps around a church and a storehouse for the safe keeping of goods. The great depôt of this character in London was known, first as the German Guildhall, and afterwards as the Steelyard. Owing to privileges granted to the Hanseatic merchants, because they financed the Kings (and especially Edward III), the Corporation of the Steelyard were able to dominate the whole export trade. It was a fortified place with almost the position of an Embassy and governed to a great extent by its own laws. There were garden restaurants and taverns where citizens came to drink

Rhenish wines and eat preserved salmon, meats, tongues or caviare. The memory of the place was kept up till quite lately by a large tavern, surmounted by the favourite German emblem of a bunch of golden grapes, under the sign of the Steelyard. The site is now occupied by Cannon Street Station of the Southern Railway.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BOAR'S HEAD

CRAFT Guilds were a feature in almost every industry in mediæval England. Some of them—in particular the Weavers' Guilds—existed as far back as the twelfth century. Various crafts usually grouped themselves together in a particular street or quarter of the town, just as to-day we associate Harley Street with physicians, Hatton Garden with diamond merchants, and Shoreditch with the furniture trade. Living as neighbours with the same interests and habits, members of a trade would naturally meet together and combine for mutual advantage and protection.

At first, the object of these societies would be to ensure proper standards of size and quality, and, in some degree, to fix prices on a scale which allowed a reasonable profit on wages and materials. In the earlier period, conflict between master and man on the question of hours of work and wages could scarcely arise. All alike became members of the Guild, beginning as apprentices, under a system that provided that each youth entered the

household of a master craftsman. Here he would spend seven years and be treated in all respects as one of the family while acquiring the mystery or ministry of the trade. The master was responsible for his bed, board, clothing and moral training—even perhaps education and foreign languages if required by the conditions of trade. When he had served his time, he might remain as a journeyman on day wages : but if he possessed the slightest ability a chance would be given him of setting up for himself in business. For capital the beginner would scarcely need more than a good set of tools and a commission to execute. Some of these customs seem to have survived as unwritten laws among the small furniture manufacturers of the East End of London.

The craft guilds were also religious in character. Many of them would undertake the production of a Mystery Play on the day of their festival ; all of them would be burial guilds and provide the wherewithal for sumptuous funeral ceremonies and Masses for their departed members. Hence there was a specious excuse for the confiscation of their property in the reign of Edward VI on the ground that it was being devoted to superstitious purposes.

The Coopers' Arms at Hitchin, an early fifteenth-century house, was formerly the Guild Hall of the tylers. The King's Head at Aylesbury with its fine hall, lighted by a magnificent mullioned window

containing heraldic stained glass, is another relic of old Guild life. Headcorn, Cranbrook and Biddenden in Kent provide half a dozen good specimens of the old Cloth halls, and they abound in the West of England and in Norfolk and Suffolk.

The Guilds had done good work in their time, securing perfection of workmanship, honest dealing and the total absence of those degrading frauds which result from over-competition. By limiting the number of tradesmen and mechanics, they did their best to discourage the influx of the rural population into the towns. But with the commercial movement under Edward III these guilds were captured by the richer burghers. They tended to create privileged classes and to exclude the poor from trades in which they might otherwise have proved skilful. Masters and men were no longer of the same class. It became more and more difficult for a journeyman to develop into a Master Craftsman, and entrance into the Guilds was only possible on payment of very heavy fees.

Commercial expansion had brought with it an increase of prices, but wages were not being raised in proportion and a Guild wherein only wealthy traders had power was not inclined to listen to the complaints of the hired men. The workers began to found their own Guilds—Yeoman Guilds as they were called. These were ruthlessly repressed. The journeyman saddlers strove to form a Guild of their own on the harmless pattern of a

religious body with their festival at Our Lady of Stratford-le-Bow. The masters complained that in thirteen years their hire had more than doubled. The same thing happened with regard to the May-day festival of the journeymen shearers in Shrewsbury.

The worker found but one refuge open to him—the tavern, which for centuries was to be the place where he could hold these more or less illegal meetings with his comrades. In the houses of call for artisans the workers discussed their grievances, hatched conspiracies and strikes or devised less drastic methods for the betterment of their condition. The inns which are somewhat absurdly named Carpenters' Arms, Bricklayers' Arms, Skinners' Arms and the like, are often of old foundation and bear witness to the fact that it was in the public house that the wage-earners first learnt the art of combination for the improvement of their conditions. Here met those informal clubs (at a time when the law of the land forbade combination for such purposes) which led the way to the trade societies. And here the earliest trade unions found a welcome and a home with which some of their successors are still content. The Club Room at the Inn was the cradle of the Friendly Societies. Even the great benefit societies, like the Foresters, Hearts of Oak and Oddfellows, owe their very existence to the public house. It is even claimed, by the way, that the first Night Schools and the

first Sunday Schools were established in public houses.

The Crown and Anchor at Dartford is said to have once been the home of Wat Tyler. Perchance in the old taproom—which actually was in existence in 1381—the great revolt of the workers was planned. Artificers driven by repressive legislation united with the wandering class of outlaws to organise a movement which, as J. J. Jusserand remarks, very nearly had consequences parallel to those of the French Revolution.

One trade offered rather better conditions than others, that of the weavers. Even in the twelfth century the towns of London, Winchester, Lincoln, Oxford, Huntingdon, York, Beverley, Stamford and Gloucester were already well known for qualities of cloth. "Stamfords" were a brand of high reputation imported into Venice in 1265. "Oxfords" appealed to the gentry of this period as "Tweeds" to our fathers. A later age esteemed the cloth of the Kentish weald, of Bradford in Wiltshire and the Cotswolds. This trade was constantly expanding and there was ever a need for skilled workers.

The Boar's Head may usually be attributed to the weavers, it being an emblem of their patron saint St. Blaise. Bishop Blaise is also found as an inn sign in New Inn Yard in the City of London and the Holy Blaise at Kidderminster. I have no doubt that the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, the

THE RAINBOW, NEAR HENLEY

supposed resort of Falstaff and his disreputable crew of cut-throats, was originally frequented by the weavers and this must also have been true of the Boar's Head in Southwark, strangely enough the property of Sir John Falstaff of Caistor, mentioned in the Paston letters, a brave soldier who has most unjustly been identified with the fat Knight. Both of these inns have long disappeared, but the sign of the Boar's Head—a graphic portrayal—hangs outside a house of many half-timbered gables, lattice windows, semicircular annexes and overhanging wings of all shapes and sizes at Bishop's Stortford.

The masons also had their lodges and guilds, but they were generally " foreigners " in their place of work and travelled up and down the country executing the carved stonework or high-class masonry —the rubble walls being left to local labourers. Some large establishments—such as Westminster Abbey and a few of our Cathedrals—retained their own staff of workmen, and close rules were laid down for their conduct. The Masons' Arms is not an unusual sign. However, inns bearing such names as the Freemason are invariably to be ascribed to that august body, which, so Cardinal Manning assured Pius IX, is as harmless as a mere goose club.

Mitre and Dove are rarely ecclesiastical signs any more than Beetle and Wedge. All these refer to tools employed by different sorts of woodworkers ; so do Magpie and Stump which may be interpreted

as a place where Carpenters are accustomed to meet. The Three Compasses belongs to the masons, the Rainbow to the dyers and the Crispin to the shoemakers, St. Crispin and St. Crispinian having followed this trade, according to local legend. St. Hugh's Bones is another shoemaker's sign.

As we remarked above, one great purpose of the old craft guilds was to provide for the seemly interment of departed members of the Confraternity. Such funds were confiscated in the time of Edward VI, but Clubs apparently took their place and survived almost to the present day. Washington Irving described two rival Burial Societies in Little Britain. "One held its meetings at the Swan and Horseshoes and was patronised by the cheesemonger; the other at the Cock and Crown under the auspices of the apothecary; it is needless to say that the latter was the most flourishing. I have passed an evening or two at each, and have acquired much valuable information as to the best mode of being buried; the comparative merits of Churchyards; together with divers hints on the subject of patent iron coffins."

CHAPTER XIV

THE BULL'S HEAD

IN the very centre of Guildford and in a position which renders it one of the most prominent of the many quaint old buildings in the High Street, stands the Bull's Head. Half a dozen noble families possessing manors in the South of England have for their crest a bull's head : and we might be tempted to speculate as to whether the Marquis of Abergavenny held property in the town, or whether the marriage of Anne Boleyn was commemorated here. But an examination of the old gabled house with its overhanging oriels, just adjoining the Town Hall, and the presence of another curious old inn almost opposite, called the Jollie Butchers, help to prove its connection with the Guild of Butchers, whose duty it was to organise the Corporation bull-fights.

In nearly all great towns, bull-baiting was a sport regulated by municipal by-laws. Sometimes these required that no beef should be offered for sale unless the animal had been previously baited for the amusement of the populace. Bene-

volent people even left money or lands to defray the expenses of the sport ; at Guildford the leading members of the Corporation each provided a bull in turn. Our forefathers were sometimes inclined to favour savage and cruel forms of sport. At Battle the bull-ring was just outside the Monastery Gate, in order that the Abbot and his retinue might conveniently attend the spectacle ; while at Tutbury the bull was given once a year by the Prior himself.

At Tutbury the proceedings, in later times, were characterised by incredible cruelty. After having undergone the torture of having his horns cut, ears and tail cropped to the stumps, and nostrils filled with pepper, the unfortunate bull was smeared with soap and turned out to be hunted by the mob. If he was taken, or held long enough to pull out some of his hair, he was tied to the stake and baited.

Guildford and Stamford owed their bull baiting originally to William of Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, in the reign of Edward III. Brayley relates that while at his Castle at Stamford, the Earl saw two bulls fighting in a meadow beside a cow, till they were attacked by the butcher's dogs, who drove one bull, maddened with rage and terror, through the streets of the town. The Earl was so delighted with the adventure that he granted the meadow to the local butchers on condition that they furnished a fierce bull to be baited in perpetuity, about six weeks before Christmas. For many centuries Stamford bull-running was an annual institution

on November 13th, when the bull was turned into the streets and hunted by a troop of men with dogs, headed by the "Bull Queen," a virago dressed up in gorgeous red ribbons.

Bull-baiting died hard. Fifty years of strenuous agitation were necessary before Parliament would consent to pass a measure, in 1836, repressing the practice of baiting any bull, bear, dog or other animal. And even then it required the aid of a strong force of military to put down the Stamford bull-running. In 1838 the authorities thought to provide against any disturbance by removing under a strong guard the only two bulls available in the neighbourhood. To their surprise, the bull-run took place as usual. A prize stallion, belonging to a nobleman, happened to be passing through the town on the fatal day and was commandeered by the rioters. But this was the last occasion, so far as we know, when a bull was baited at Stamford or anywhere else in this country.

Bear-baiting, represented by the sign Dog and Bear or Bear Garden, was a trifle less cruel as a sport, at any rate so far as the bear was concerned. At the Paris Garden in Bankside the public were admitted at the charge of a penny at the gate, a penny at the entry of the scaffold and a penny for quiet standing. Queen Elizabeth took especial delight in witnessing the courageous efforts of her English mastiffs; and although Shakespeare and Burbage might bask in the sunshine of her royal

favour, the theatre was not to be allowed to entice people away from the bear garden. A Privy Council Order of 1591 forbade plays to be acted on Thursdays, because bear-baiting and similar pastimes were usual on that day. The Lord Mayor in his injunction to the same effect goes further still : " In divers places, the players do use to recite their plays to the great hurt and destruction of the game of bear baiting and such like pastimes, which are maintained for Her Majesty's pleasure." The sport is frequently alluded to by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Slender boasts, " I have seen Suckerson loose, twenty times." Harry Hunks and Suckerson were two bears with a very high reputation for pluck and endurance, who appeared regularly at the Southwark bear garden.

Sir Thomas More in one of his dialogues tells the tale : "At Beverley, late, much of the people being at a bear-baiting, the Church fell suddenly down at evening-time and overwhelmed some that were in it. A good fellow that after heard it told : ' So,' quoth he, ' now you may see what it is to be at evening prayers, when you should be at the bear baiting ! ' "

Samuel Pepys, writing in his *Diary* under date of August 14th, 1666, says :

> "After dinner I went with my wife and Mercer to the Bear Garden, where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport

of the bulls tossing the dogs—one into the very boxes ; but it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a great many Hectors in the same box with us (and one very fine went into the pit and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman), where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first, which I pledge with my hat off."

Cockfights are so common in nature that we can easily believe that the sport is at least 5,000 years old in the East. In Cornwall there are cockpits said to have been in existence before the coming of the Romans. Cockspur Street in London owes its name to the makers of steel or silver spurs with which the bird's natural weapons were frequently enforced. There was a royal cockpit in Whitehall, and others in Gray's Inn, Birdcage Walk and Drury Lane. These were a species of theatre with benches rising all round. Most old inns possessed cockpits, and many catered for clients to whom it was a special attraction.

The Fighting Cocks at St. Albans was anciently the boat-house of the Abbey ; possibly it is the oldest structure in the country devoted to licensing purposes. Most country towns have an inn of this name, sometimes with the cockpit still *in situ*. The cockpit at the Hawk and Buckle, Denbigh, many centuries old, has been scheduled recently as a monument of national importance.

Cockfighting is now illegal. Yet only a few

years ago several people of position in Cheshire were charged with taking part in an international match—*not* in a public house. Reports have appeared in the papers even in the present year (1927) of matches, including such barbarities as plucking the birds and substituting artificial spurs for their natural weapons.

The Cock and Bell at High Easter, a pleasant little Tudor inn, is said to indicate another very cruel sport, the throwing at Shrovetide cocks. The unfortunate birds were mounted on stools and stones thrown at them—a precursor of the "Coco-nut shy" on modern fair-grounds. But maybe it is more closely connected with Shrovetide cockfights when the schoolmaster held the monopoly of supplying the game birds to his pupils ; and the boy who owned the winner was awarded a silver bell to be worn in his hat for three Sundays following.

Hawk and Buckle and Falcon are nearly always heraldic signs, but Bird in Hand may sometimes have reference to hawking.

The Dotterel Inn, not very far from Scarborough, reminds us of a bird which once formed the subject of an annual shoot in the Yorkshire Wolds, but is now exceedingly rare.

From such signs as Dog and Gun or Dog and Partridge, it is pleasanter to visit those which express our affection for animals. The Bluecap at Sandiway on its signboard portrays the race in which that famous hound is said to have surpassed thirty miles

THE BELLS, LITTLE MUNDEN, HERTS

an hour. The Smoker at Plumbley, also within the range of the Cheshire Hunt, is a many-gabled cosy old Jacobean inn, with its roof still partly of thatch. It was renamed in honour of the favourite horse, and his picture, together with the de Tabley arms, swing on the sign-post, having been painted by the daughter of Lady Leighton Warren.

Most of the pursuits favoured in the old country inns are of milder character. All our rivers have their favourite resorts for anglers, and Anglers' Societies hold meetings on certain evenings at various London hostelries for "weighing in," but this latter process as well as the pursuit of the gentle art itself has been sadly interfered with by the restrictions. The game of bowls is peculiarly English as played on the greens behind the inns in the Eastern Counties, Sussex, and the West of England, the form of the green and certain details of play varying in different districts. Some of the greens are hundreds of years old and have been in continuous use. Skittles is another fine old game involving much skill and science, but for some strange reason is looked upon with suspicion by the magistrates. Shove halfpenny has its admirers and the boards in use are often of great antiquity.

Many inns called the Bells, Six Bells or Ten Bells received their name because they possessed a set of hand-bells upon which tunes could be played for the entertainment of the company assembled. At the Bells, Little Munden, Herts, the set of bells

remain hanging up in the old tap-room in readiness for the expert who shall discourse sweet music upon them. The Ten Bells, at Leeds, Kent, was the favourite resort of the late Mr. James Tomlin, a man of Kent and a great local character who on occasion would enact the part of a village Hampden. He died at the ripe old age of 97 and in the evening before his death had sung his usual song at the Ten Bells.

All kinds of competitions used to take place at the village inn, but the police make all the difficulties they possibly can. The Methodist Chapel may have its raffles and its whist drives. The innkeeper is in danger of prosecution under the Gaming Act if he offers a prize for dart-throwing, billiards or skittles. In some districts the police endeavour to stop all games whatsoever, leaving the *habitués* of the public house no occupation but to drink, drink, drink.

In Yorkshire eating competitions are popular. At such a contest in an hotel at South Shields, a few years ago, the victor succeeded in demolishing 1½ lbs. of rump steak, 15 fried onions, 8 lbs. potatoes, the top of a loaf and a quart of stout. This seems a rather poor performance when we consider the ordinary allowance of a maid of honour in the reign of Henry VIII, not to mention the daily meal of Dr. George Fordyce, a noted specialist, at the beginning of the last century. He sat down to it regularly at four o'clock at Dolly's Chop House :

a pound and a half of rump steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale satisfied the doctor's moderate wants and regularly engaged one hour and a half of his time. After dinner, he returned to his house in Essex Street, Strand, and was soon ready to deliver his six o'clock lectures on chemistry and anatomy.

At another of these competitions the qualifying course consisted of ten apple dumplings. One poor yokel had just managed nine of them, but then found it necessary to abandon the task. He gazed sadly upon the tenth dumpling which still reposed upon the plate, and shaking his fist at it, exclaimed, "If I'd a-known ye would 'a been left over, I'd have eaten of ye first!"

CHAPTER XV

THE KING'S HEAD

IN 1534, the Abbot of Waverley had occasion to come to London on business matters and arranged to interview various parties at the Pope's Head, in Southwark. Strangely enough, in this very year, 1534, Henry VIII proclaimed the independence of England from Papal authority. Landlords who did not wish to run any risks of having their own heads elevated upon a post, hastily substituted the King for the Pope, and a Record Office map of 1542 shows the house as the Kynge's Hed. This is the history of most inns bearing this sign. Either they were Pope's Heads or Abbot's Heads ; and on the expulsion of popes and abbots, the King assumed honours which the unfortunate ecclesiastics had forfeited.

Almost always this sign is associated with leading hotels and posting-houses. Reference to directories will show that a considerable number exist, especially in the Southern Counties. From these we may select for mention three or four typical instances.

First, the long, low shingled house with very old-fashioned bar parlours and skittle alleys at Roehampton. When we last visited this, the faded signboard actually portrayed the features of the wicked old Tudor monarch after Holbein.*

A much more celebrated King's Head is at Chigwell. Shortly after Dickens had completed Barnaby Rudge, he invited his friend—afterwards his biographer—to pay a visit to Chigwell, and was especially delighted to be recognized by the landlord of the King's Head and to know that the latter had read the story in which that inn appears under the name of the Maypole.

The Maypole, we are told, " was an old building with more gable-ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day; huge zigzag chimneys, out of which it seemed as though even smoke could not choose but come in more than naturally fantastic shapes, imparted to it in its tortuous progress; and vast stables, gloomy, ruinous and empty. The place was said to have been built in the days of King Henry VIII; and there was a legend, not only that Queen Elizabeth had slept there one night while upon a hunting excursion, to wit, in a certain oak-panelled room with a deep bay window, but that next morning, while standing on a mounting-block before the door, with one foot in the stirrup, the virgin monarch had then and there boxed and cuffed an unlucky page for some neglect of duty.

* A similar portrait also existed at the King's Head in Southwark.

" Its windows were old diamond-paned lattices, its floors were sunken and uneven, its ceilings blackened by the hand of time, and heavy with massive beams. Over the doorway was an ancient porch, quaintly and grotesquely carved. Its overhanging stories, drowsy little panes of glass, and front bulging out and projecting over the pathway, the old house looked as if it were nodding in its sleep."

From Fisher's *Forest of Essex* we learn that the Court of Attachments or Forty Day Court was held at the King's Head, and that the great room still exists and also an arched recess in the cellar to store the wine for the Forest officials. A modern sign has been painted to represent the features of Charles I, an anachronism when we consider the history of the building !

Another King's Head greets the traveller through Mitcham at the South Corner of the great cricket green. The frontage is a fairly good example of Queen Anne brickwork set off by Doric porches and rich oaken cornices ; behind is a rambling structure of various dates, most inviting to the antiquary and suggesting solid comforts in the interior. At Guildford the old King's Head will be found in a side street near St. Mary's Church. The stone mullioned windows, moulded doorways, gables and wainscoted corridors betray a Tudor origin at the first glance. Both of these are undoubtedly successors of monastic houses.

Hundreds of Queen's Heads attest the well-deserved popularity of Queen Elizabeth, which lasted through at least two centuries. In the reign of Charles II the bells were still rung on her birthday. That King, so it is asserted, once inquired of the Earl of Dorset how it came to pass that her holiday was still honoured, whilst those of his father and grandfather were no more thought of than William the Conqueror's? "Because," said the frank peer to the frank king, "she being a woman chose men for her counsellors; and men, when they reign, usually choose a woman."*

The Queen's Head at Islington was described in the last century as one of the most perfect specimens of English domestic architecture. Unfortunately, the pictures that survive show it only in its decrepit state and hardly enable us to realize the three lofty storeys, forming bay windows supported by brackets and caryatides. Inside, it was panelled in wainscot, with carved ceilings, adorned with dolphins, cherubim and acorns bordered with wreaths of flowers. Tradition associates it with Sir Walter Raleigh, who had obtained a licence "for keeping of taverns and retailing of wynes throughout England." Either here or at the old Pied Bull, which stood close by, occurred that amusing episode in the early history of tobacco smoking. His servant observed to his horror clouds of smoke issuing from Raleigh's mouth and imagined him to be on fire. He was

* *Richardsoniana.* 1776. p. 159.

carrying a jug of water—or, according to Charles Lamb, a gallon of "Black Jack"—and with admirable presence of mind poured the liquid in a deluge over the knight. Both inns were pulled down about the year 1830.

At Pinner there remains a picturesque old Queen's Head, with a good painted sign. Good Queen Bess is generally well treated, either by bust or portrait, possibly because such as were executed by unskilful artists were by her own order "knocked in pieces and cast into the fire." A proclamation of 1563 recites for that "Hir Majestie perceiveth that a great number of Hir loving subjects are much greved and take grete offence with the errors and deformities allredy committed by sondry persons in this behalf, she straightly chargeth all hir officers and ministers to see to the observation hereof, and as soon as may be, to reform the error allredy committed, and in the mean tyme to forbydd and prohibit the showing of such as are apparently deformed until they may be reformed that are reformable."

There are some remains of the original Elizabethan inn at Sutton Valence and also at Down, in Kent, where the Queen's Head was a few years ago kept by the late Mr. Worm Leighton, the artist. The Queen's Head in Duke Court, Bow Street, according to Larwood and Hotten, was the scene of a drinking bout, to which we owe the expression, "A go of whisky" or of rum. Each in turn of

two noted characters exclaimed, "Now we'll go," but was persuaded by his companion to have another.

A landlady of the Queen's Head at Kingston "was ordered by the Court to be ducked for scolding and was accordingly placed in the chair and ducked in the river Thames, under Kingston Bridge, in the presence of two thousand or three thousand people."* This is one of the latest official instances recorded of this particular kind of punishment.

* *Evening Post*, April 27th, 1745.

CHAPTER XVI

THE SIGN OF THE SHAKESPEARE

IN spite of all Baconian theories, common consent still gives to the immortal Bard the highest place among great Englishmen. He stands for the fullest expression of the soul of England. "His wonderful knowledge of human nature and profound thoughts have influenced not only his own country, but the whole world, and will, I think, continue to do so for all time."* This opinion is confirmed by the verdict of the signboards, for within a three-mile radius of Charing Cross one can still find a dozen public houses or taverns bearing either Shakespeare or Shakespeare's Head for their image or superscription. No other literary man has attained this honour to any extent worth mentioning : although Lord Byron and Mazeppa may occasionally be found in the Nottingham district, where two or three Milton's Head inns also exist.

The Shakespeare's Head in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, the headquarters of the Beefsteak

* Sir Frederick Cowen. March, 1927. Letter to *Daily Express*.

Society, was notable for the finely-painted portrait of the dramatist, said to be the work of Clarkson and to have cost £500. Addison's Lion's Head, the receptacle for contributions to the *Tatler*, *Spectator* and *Guardian*, was removed hither from Button's Coffee House. At another Shakespeare's Head in Wych Street, hard by, the landlord for a short period was Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch*. Both of these have long disappeared as a consequence of street improvements.

Gone long ago are all the favourite haunts of Shakespeare in the neighbourhood of London—the Falcon, in Bankside, the Apollo Club at the Devil in Fleet Street, and, above all, the Mermaid in Bread Street, where Sir Walter Raleigh established his literary club, the first of the kind in England. Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Beaumont, Selden, Carew, Donne and others were members. "Wine in, wit out" must have found its daily application amid such a galaxy of genius :

> "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
> As if from any one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life; then when there had been thrown
> Wit able enough to justify the town
> For three days past."

The last of these resorts to depart by the van-

dalism of the Licensing Justices in 1916 was that fine old Elizabethan tavern, the Three Pigeons of Brentford; John Lewin, the creator of the parts of Hamlet and Henry VIII, became the landlord

THE SURREY ARMS, MORDEN

after his retirement from the King's players. Goldsmith used this inn for two scenes in *She Stoops to Conquer;* it is referred to in Butler's *Hudibras*, and Dickens mentions it in *Our Mutual Friend.* According to Halliwell, here Shakespeare made

notes of local life for *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and this writer considered it " The sole Elizabethan tavern existing in England, which, in the absence of direct evidence to the contrary, may fairly be presumed to have been occasionally visited by him."

Dramatists and Actors belong to the roving fraternity and to them the inn was as essential as to the commercial traveller. Besides, the old inn yards of Bishopsgate and Southwark offered a setting for the early performances of English drama; and the theatre took its form from the galleries surrounding the " pit " which the players found there. Music halls grew up from free and easy concerts in the taverns. The old music halls, like the Middlesex, Deacon's and the Pavilion, were fifty years ago simply public houses with a hall behind them, where a Chairman, armed with a hammer to maintain silence, announced each performer by name and arranged the order of the programme.

Perhaps we shall see a reversion to this old " Free and Easy." An enlightened Committee of the County Council have lately given permission to the " Merlin's Cave at Clerkenwell to hold a musical entertainment to which customers sitting around tables may contribute, if they feel so inclined."

There are inns of old foundation at Stratford-on-Avon where the poet must have sought good

company and conviviality in his latter days of well-earned leisure—the Boar, the Falcon, the Crosskeys and the old Red Lion. But the Red Horse takes precedence of all as a rambling, old-fashioned house redolent of respectability and comfort. It has been the traditional resort of masterly exponents of dramatic art, Garrick, Macklin and Betterton.

Sir John Falstaff is the Shakespearean character most frequently met with, and there are four or five in the London district. The charming Jacobean front at Newington, Kent (described in *Old Country Inns*), has lost its excellent portrait of the fat knight. But there is still a Falstaff at Gad's Hill, the scene of the hero's discomfiture, and Ye Old Falstaff at Canterbury, just outside the West Gate, is a well-ordered hotel as well as a precious example of Tudor architecture.

The Sir John Falstaff also survives opposite Drury Lane Theatre; but gone is the Harp Tavern in Russell Street, which had received within its hospitable doors every great actor since the days of Garrick, but was specially consecrated to the memory of Edmund Kean. In the club-room we were shown his favourite chair, above which was a mural tablet and close by on the wall a most realistic death mask of the tragedian. A few years ago among its frequenters were old men who had acted with him or seen him on the stage and could relate numerous anecdotes of his generous impulsive

nature. A broken panel in the wainscot was pointed out to the visitor: he had hurled a pewter pot at a person who had spoken offensively of a friend. Here also met a Club of a very old foundation called the " City of Lushington." Whoever joined selected his word out of the four—Lunacy, Suicide, Poverty and Juniper, painted on the four walls of the room. Sheridan and the Prince Regent were both members of it.*

Literary Clubs were, of course, very common in the old days; at Will's Coffee-house, in the Augustan age of English literature, societies were held to which Steele and Pope and Addison belonged; Doctor Johnson, Hawkesworth, the elder Salter and Sir John Hawkins were members of a club formerly held at the King's Head, in Ivy Lane; the Three Jolly Pigeons, in Butcher Hall Lane, was formerly the gathering place of a set of old school bibliophiles, who styled themselves the Free and Easy Counsellors under the Cauliflower; stay-maker Hugh Kelly, Goldsmith, Ossian Macpherson, Garrick, Cumberland and the Woodfalls, with several noted men of that day, were concerned in a club at the St. James's Coffee-house. But the man of letters finds his true home in the tavern pure and simple rather than in the restrictive atmosphere of the modern club.

From a correspondent I learn that a debating

* The Kemble's Head, surmounted by a fine bust of this great exponent of our drama, survives at the corner of Bow Street and Long Acre.

club, known as the " Gentlemen of the Shakespeare," met for many years in the parlour of that inn at Canterbury. An informal society, which was called the " House of Lords," used to foregather round the cosy ingle-nook in the smoking-room of the old Cock on Clapham Common, before the rebuilding in 1904. At the Robin Hood, Anerley, the musical society was identified with the Celliers and many other famous composers and music-hall stars.

Gone is the old Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, which Ben Jonson loved almost as dearly as the Swan at Charing Cross. However, some relics have survived the rebuilding of its rival, the Cock tavern, also close to St. Dunstan's Church, including the old sign carved by Grinling Gibbons. Further down Fleet Street is the old Cheshire Cheese, almost the only old house of the kind in the City of London and still in practically the same state as when Dr. Johnson lived in Gough Square, within a stone's throw. The unsuspecting countryman may even be buttonholed by an aged dissembler who claims to having enjoyed personal intercourse with the rugged old genius and to have seen him many a time ensconced in the sacred chair. But the American visitor of to-day is well equipped in literary history, and largesse or free drinks do not always ensue. Up to about forty years ago a different class—mostly consisting of literary men who had fallen by the wayside—found a Bohemian resting-place in the Sussex Hotel, a shabby-looking

hostelry in Bouverie Street. Linnæus Banks, the "Poet of the People," Lt.-Col. Mackenzie, the great linguist and Wiltshire Austin, a brilliant orator, often spent their nights in "Bloater Palace," as it was affectionately called.

Once upon a time, some cynic scratched upon a window of a Fetter Lane inn the following sage reflection :

> "Should you ever chance to see
> A man's name writ on glass,
> Be sure he owns a diamond
> And his parents own an ass."

There are many very famous signatures on glass in various parts of the country, names "written with pleasure though in pane," as Tom Hood hath it. Many poets have also employed either this medium or the pewter pots to express their sentiments. "For this relief much thanks," may be read inside of one tankard at Stratford-on-Avon —appropriate as a quotation from Hamlet. Another declares that

> "He who quaffs the good ale here
> Long defers hisse final bier."

And still another :

> "Ale is my meat, ale is my drink,
> Ale my heart revives
> And all the while I drink good ale
> I shall remain alive."

Everyone knows the verses of Shenstone in praise of inns, a portion of which was originally written by the poet on the parlour window of the Red Lion at Henley :

"I fly from pomp, I fly from plate ;
I fly from falsehood's specious grin !
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuse my lodgings at an inn.
Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Whate'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

But not to everyone has it been revealed how often Robert Burns made use of inn windows to record his inspirations. Neatest of his epigrams was that impromptu when Miss Deborah Davies, the "Bonnie Wee Thing," rode past in the company of a much more portly dame :

"Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite ?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it."

The Old Rose at Wokingham is to be rebuilt, but we may trust to the taste of the owner, Mr. H. B. Davies, that all that is valuable and historic will be carefully preserved. In the coffee-room, Gay, Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot spent a rainy afternoon, "with pluvial patter for refrain," in vaunting the charms of the fair daughter of the

house. The sad truth must be told that Molly Mog lived to a ripe old age and never got married; and that the real subject of the poem was a still fairer sister.

"The Schoolboy's desire is a play day;
The Schoolmaster's joy is to flog;
The Milkmaid's delight is a May Day,
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

Will-a-Wisp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch and through quagmire and bog;
But no light could set me a-madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

The heart when half wounded is changing;
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fixed upon sweet Molly Mog.

Who follow all ladies of pleasure
In pleasure is thought but a hog;
All the sex cannot give such good measure
Of joys as my sweet Molly Mog!

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses are lost in a fog;
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

A letter, when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog:
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give up the three graces
I wish I were hanged like a dog!
And at court all the drawing-room faces
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

Those faces lack nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out as a log;
Juno, Venus and Pallas' merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

They who toast all the family royal,
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phyllis,
And writing another Eclogue,
Both his Phyllis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

When she smiles on each guest like her liquor
Then jealousy sets me agog,
To be sure, she's a bit for the Vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog!"

Another gallant's effusion is more modest but gave occasion for a daring rhyme:

"Sweet maid of the inn,
'Tis surely no sin
To toast such a beautiful bar pet;
Believe me, my dear,
Your feet would appear
At home on a nobleman's carpet."

Framed on the walls of old coffee rooms the following verses may still linger:

VIRTUES OF WINE

Whilst drinking wine I never see
The frowning face of my enemy;
Drink freely of the grape, and naught
Can give the soul one mournful thought;
Wine is a bride of witching power,
And wisdom is her marriage dower;
Wine can the purest joy impart,
Wine inspires the saddest heart;
Wine gives cowards valour's rage,
Wine gives youth to tottering age;
Wine gives vigour to the weak,
And crimson to the pallid cheek;
And dries up sorrow, as the sun
Absorbs the dew it shines upon.

How our great novelists love to linger among the old inns! The inns and taverns of Dickens have formed the subject of more than one entrancing volume; and those of Fielding, wherein Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews and Parson Adams find tragedy and comedy so mingled are worth tracing out and identifying. Among modern writers Jeffrey Farnol shows himself a true connoisseur, and we follow with gladness the hero of *The Broad Highway* to the Checquers at Sevenoaks and at Tonbridge. Alas! the Bull at Sissinghurst has lost its fine chimney corner, but at the old Cock at Hildenborough this noble feature of real old hostelries remains to this day.

In pre-War days we could endorse the truth of what Mr. Hilaire Belloc sang of certain Sussex and Surrey inns:

They sell good beer at Haslemere
  And under Guildford Hill.
At little Cowfold, so I am told,
  A beggar may drink his fill.
There is a good brew at Amberley too,
  And by the Bridge also;
But the swipes they take in at the Washington Inn
  Is the very best beer I know.

CHAPTER XVII

THE GOAT IN BOOTS

AN old posting-house in the Fulham Road was originally known as the Goat, and is so described in manorial records of 1663. The proprietor, desirous of having a striking sign, commissioned George Morland to paint a comical goat. Hence the animal appeared with huge horns, armed with a cutlass, booted and spurred, and the inn acquired the name of the Goat in Boots. Croker, in his walk from London to Chelsea, although acquainted with these facts, is inclined to think that the posting-house originally had the sign of Mercury with the Dutch legend *Der Goden Boode*, the messenger of the gods. Other people will be satisfied to regard it as merely a whimsical concept. The Cat and Fiddle, a favourite in the Midlands as well as in the South of England, is suggested by the nursery rhyme, like the Cat and Bagpipes. It is impossible to trace it to *Caton Fidele*, the defender of Calais in the reign of Queen Mary. We are equally sceptical about the connection

between Goat and Compass and " God encompasses us."

On the other hand, the unlettered man soon learns to put a homely interpretation on a heraldic or unusual bird or beast. The Swan and Harp of the musicians soon degenerated into the Goose and Gridiron; a faded or badly painted Bear and Ragged Staff became the Pig and Whistle; and to the rustic mind Hen and Chickens sufficed to describe some ecclesiastical carving of the Pelican.

One of the establishments visited by the Prince of Wales recently in Ratcliffe Highway is known as the Paddy's Goose. Originally the sign was the White Swan, but an ignorant Irishman alluded to it as the " Goose " and the name has stuck; just as the acting fraternity refer to the Swan in New Street, Covent Garden, as the Bloody Duck, from the circumstance that the front used to be painted a very vivid red.

Adam and Eve were favourite characters in the old Mystery Plays, but it is very probable that the real sign was once astrological, Gemini, The Twins. A favourite roadside house at the entrance to the town of Buntingford, with a roof of thatch green with mosses and lichens, used to bear the sign Adam and Eve:

In this house here
Is sold the best beer
1d. a pint!

Which reminds us of another wayside alehouse where was exhibited the invitation :

Drink here
The best beare.

The landlord was asked to correct the spelling, but declined so to do. " Half my custom," he explained, " is made up of folk who come in just on purpose to ask me if it is my own *bruin*."

A Glasgow public house is known by the picturesque name of the Coffin, owing, so it is said, to the shape of the plot of ground on which it stands. The Caxton Gibbet is a popular house, the cheerful title of which marks the site of the gallows for the County of Cambridge, just as the Reformation had its cynical application for the hapless wretches about to undergo the extreme penalty at Gallows Green, near Reading.

The Halfpenny House, in the neighbourhood of Richmond, Yorkshire, got its sign in the days of toll-bars, when for convenience the passer-by was allowed to drop his halfpenny into a box provided at the inn. The Crooked Billet is not easy to explain. At Penge it is represented by an awkward, untrimmed branch and the verse :

" When this comical stick grew in a wood
Our ale was fresh and very good.
Step in and taste, oh do make haste !
For if you don't, 'twill surely waste ! "

(On the reverse of the signboard—)

" As you have viewed the other side,
Come read this too, before you ride.
And now to end, we'll let it pass,
Step in, kind friend, and take a glass ! "

The Crooked Billet on Tower Hill was the oldest wine and spirit house in London. It has lately been rebuilt; the old edifice, full of rich carving, sliding panels and legends of secret passages, having become decrepit and unsafe.

The Bird in Hand is another rhymester sign.

" A bird in hand is better far
Than two which in the bushes are——"

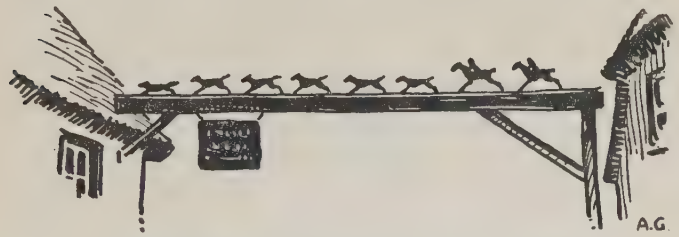
Examples are numerous in all parts of England. Quaint and old-fashioned is the Bird in Hand in Long Acre, if viewed from the Court in the rear; and it is nearly as ancient as the Lamb and Flag in the next court leading to Rose Street, Covent Garden.

Rhyming couplets and quaint sayings on old sign boards can soon be collected by the observant. Not far from Dudley an inn kept by a lame collier bore the petition: " Stop, my friends, and stay awhile, to help the lame dog over a stile," under a picture of a lame dog being helped over a stile. The Old Soldier at Kidderminster expresses what is only too obvious :

" A soldier's fortune, I tell you plain,
Is a wooden leg or a golden chain."

In the last century the proprietor of the Bricklayers' Arms, Oxford Street, invited his customers to "Praise God for all brandy, rum, whisky and other spirituous liquors."

The Gentle Shepherd of Salisbury Plain was a tavern sign to be met with in England not so very many years ago. An example of it found its way to the Cape of Good Hope, where, half-way between Simon's Town and Cape Town, a tavern bears the following unique quadrilingual invitation to the traveller to come in and refresh himself:



THE SIGN OF THE FOXHOUNDS, BARLEY

"Multum in parvo, pro bono publico,
Entertainment for man or beast;
Lekker kost, as much as you please,
Excellent beds, without any fleas,
Nos patriam fugimus, now we are here,
Vivamus, let us live by selling beer;
On donne a boire et a manger ici,
Come in and try, whoever you be."

When the liquid known as "porter" was first on sale, nearly two hundred years ago, at public houses in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch, one

tavern sign took the form of a statue of Britannia with the legend beneath: "Please support 'er!" The adage would be still more apt in these days when nearly three-quarters of the publican's takings go direct into the greedy maw of our bloated bureaucracy!

Tap-rooms are generally decorated with reminders that the innkeeper is not at liberty to give credit to his customers:

"Good ale, to-morrow, for nothing!"

"As trusting of late has been my sorrow
Pay me to-day and I'll trust you to-morrow."

or,

"This is a good world to live in,
To lend or to spend or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow or to get a man's own,
It's such a world as never was known!"

A very old favourite is the picture of a dead dog and underneath:

"Died last night, poor Trust! Bad pay killed him."

Many inns contain good old furniture and many have been refurnished in an old-fashioned style. The innkeeper has his opportunities and frequently exhibits good taste in his selection of Jacobean or Chippendale chairs and cabinets. The George at Aylesbury was famous for a collection of good pictures. The Ram at Brandon and the Swan at Fittleworth have been enriched by many

visiting artists, good, bad and indifferent; and in other country hotels the pictures are often of tolerable merit. There are others, bad enough to recall a story told of an eminent American landscape artist.

In his early student days he painted his ideal. It was a Madonna. He pawned his only decent coat to buy a frame and sent it to an art auction, speculating on what he would do with the thousands his masterpiece would bring in. Later on he called at the auction-room to collect and received one guinea.

Years after, when he had become famous, he went on a sketching tour and stopped to rest at a little wayside inn. Behind the bar hung an execrable picture. It was his Madonna !

" I'll give you two guineas for that painting," he said to the landlord.

" Not much you won't ! "

" Three guineas."

" No ! "

" Won't you take five pounds to let me go behind the bar and cut it to pieces ? "

" Look here, sir," observed the landlord. " My wife and I have awful tempers. We average three fights a day, and we should have murdered each other long ago, only when we get so far beyond the limit, we come out here, look at that picture, have a good laugh, and make it up. To part with that work of art would be as much as my life is

worth. I'll put it to you, as man to man, would you sell it?"

There was nothing more to say. The painter settled for his refreshment and retired.

In former times eminent painters were often responsible for the signboards. Romney and Morland painted their way from the North of England to London, touching up the signs and doing portraits of the proprietors in return for board and lodging. Perhaps Hogarth was the designer of the original Five Alls at Marlborough, copied in various other places. In the first compartment is the King, with the motto, "I rule all," the second portrays an ecclesiastic, "I pray for all"; next comes a lawyer, "I plead for all," followed by a soldier, "I fight for all." The last is a farmer or taxpayer, "I pay for all." Sometimes a facetious publican has added a sixth—the Devil, "I take all!" David Cox, R.A., painted the sign of the Three Loggerheads at Llanveris, near Mold, representing two silly faces, the observer being expected to consider himself the third party, which completes the group. Several other signs are attributed to Cox, in particular the Royal Oak at Bettws-y-Coed.

The late Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., supplied the sign for the Row Barge at Wallingford, and, in conjunction with Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., the George and Dragon at Wargrave. Mr. Hodgson's side of the picture shows the hero after he has

slain the dragon and dismounted from his horse, quenching his thirst in a noble flagon of ale.

The late Mr. Walter Crane painted the sign of the Fox and Pelican, Grayshott, Hindhead, and Mr. Wildridge Ye Old Swan, Preston Crowmarsh. The Ferry Hotel, Rosneath, can boast of a sign painted by an artist of royal descent—Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

Millais painted the sign of the George at Hayes, Kent, while Ibbetson produced a characteristic sign for the village alehouse at Troutbeck, Ambleside, to settle for a bill run up during a sketching and fishing holiday. The picture showed two faces; one jolly and rubicund, the other poor and thin, with the legend :

> " Thou mortal man that liv'st by bread,
> What made thy face to look so red ?
> Thou silly fop that looks so pale,
> 'Tis red with Tommy Birkett's Ale."

In the bank in Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire, is an example of the late Sir Edwin Landseer's work, said to be worth £1,000. It hung outside the fifteenth-century Buckingham Arms Hotel, now converted into a branch of a well known bank. It is a reproduction of the Arms of Buckingham, and was painted for the licensee of the inn during one of the painter's periodical rambles through Buckinghamshire.

One of the most gifted and lovable of English

parish clergy, the Rev. Charles Latimer Marson, was content to spend the last years of his life in the Somerset village of Hambridge. Fr. Marson was broad-minded as well as intense in his love of the people, and like the parish priests of the old time, he regarded the public house as the home of neighbourly good fellowship, and often looked in for a glass of cider and a gossip. With his wide knowledge of men and kindly wit, we may be sure that these visits were eagerly looked for. The consequence was that the inns in the neighbourhood were remarkably well conducted and desirable places.

As a memorial to Fr. Marson some of his friends got up a subscription last year for the restoration of the sign of the Village Inn, which he himself had painted a quarter of a century ago. To quote from the *Church Times*, "It is good to know that there are, among the younger priests in the Church of England, men who have inherited Fr. Marson's ideals. Fr. Basil Jellicoe boldly declares that he wants a real public house, not a 'temperance' imitation, where he and his people 'can learn together how to treat God's beer'. We particularly like the phrase in these days of teetotal Manichæan heresy. The true Franciscan will surely find harmless pleasure in little Brother Beer as well as in little Brother Water."

How often the presence of one touch of human nature seen in our spiritual guides may help a soul

forward into the Kingdom of Heaven ! The Rev. Dr. Kirtland, President of Harvard, had his suspicions regarding the students who frequented an inn in North Cambridge famous for a beverage known as " flip." So he visited the house and interviewed the landlord, whose name was Porter.

" Mr. Porter," said Dr. Kirtland in a grave tone, " I understand my young men come up here and drink your flip." " Yes, sir," admitted the landlord, somewhat perturbed, as he expected a rebuke. " Let me have some of that flip," demanded the President; whereupon a mug of the compound was brought out and tasted.

Then, fixing a stern gaze upon Porter, who quailed with terror under it, the President continued: " And my young men come out here and drink this stuff, do they ? " " Yes, sir," faltered Porter. " Well," said the Doctor, draining the mug, " I should think they would ! "

CHAPTER XVIII

THE COACH AND HORSES

THE Romans supplied England, like their other colonies, with splendid roads, well metalled, and with deep foundations in layers, whenever the nature of the ground rendered it expedient. These were often set out from hill-top to hill-top straight as an arrow—not even bending when a detour to the right or to the left would have been nearer as well as saving heavy gradients. One explanation given is that their wheeled carriages rested solidly upon the axles with no movable joint, and consequently could not turn a corner.

During the six hundred years of anarchy that followed the departure of the Romans, nearly all these roads fell into disrepair. Even the great Watling Street and Stone Street were in places ploughed across and diverted by landowners, and so England became notorious for the worst roads in Europe. In the reign of Edward III, the highway from Ludgate to Westminster was in wet weather

almost impassable, and when the King opened Parliament faggots had to be thrown down for the royal cavalcade to pass along. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth many main roads were mere tracks across the heaths and commons, with ruts in winter often as much as four feet deep. It is recorded that eight hundred horses were taken prisoner by Cromwell after a certain battle, while sticking in the mud. A statute of Philip and Mary, dated about 1555, empowered the parishes to provide labourers to work on the roads. All they did in many districts was to plough up the surface into furrows to enable the "road" to get dry during the summer season. The road from Dover to London was an old Roman road and the best kept in England, owing to the constant traffic from the Continent. Yet the journey of Queen Henrietta in 1640 occupied four long weary days.

Carriages were impossible. Ladies rode on pillions, holding on by the gentleman or serving-man in front. Posts with relays of horses were established at distances of about ten miles on such roads as between London and Berwick or London and the coast. Coach travelling was then too slow and too dangerous. Even as late as 1760 George II and Queen Caroline were a whole night on their journey from Kew Palace to St. James's owing to the condition of the Brentford road, and in that short distance the vehicle was overturned several times. High personages were always finding them-

selves in a position similar to that of the Irishman when the bottom of his sedan chair came out, which suggested to him that "he might as well walk if it were not for the look of the thing."

In 1690, Lord Chancellor Cowper described the County of Sussex as a "sink of about 14 miles broad." The roads were mere quagmires, and in the levels of the Weald people could travel most easily by swimming. The long limbs of Sussex girls developed, so it was asserted, from the tenacious mud, the habit of pulling the foot out of it tending to strengthen the muscle and lengthen the bone. A tale is told of a man walking between Uckfield and Lewes when he observed a hat in the middle of the road and proceeded to kick it. Imagine his dismay when there appeared a head beneath it—the head of a man who cried out for help. When the man was eventually dug out, it was discovered that he was riding on horseback, and that his steed was eating hay out of a wagon that had sunk through a fortnight before !*

Stage wagons came into fashion in the days of James I. They were a clumsy, slow, uncomfortable method of procedure. "None but women and people of inferior condition travel in this sort." In a long day they seldom made more than ten or fifteen miles, supposing they had not broken down or upset against the boulders laid along the road, or stuck fast in a quagmire.

* Egerton: *Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways.*

Post chaises and stage coaches may be said to date from about 1664, the latter travelling at about three miles an hour. Before 1698 regular coaches ran on three at least of the principal roads to York, Dover and Manchester during the summer season, but the difficulties on the way, especially on the York road, were really formidable. An easy-going frame of mind was desirable in those who embarked on such expeditions. Whether the coach was to proceed or stop short at some favourite inn was determined by the vote of the passengers, who usually appointed a chairman at the beginning of the journey. Travellers armed themselves on setting out on a journey as if they were going to battle, and a blunderbuss was considered as indispensable for a coachman as a whip.

The condition of the road to York at that period is never considered in the popular account of Dick Turpin's legendary exploit on the back of Black Bess.

In 1754, the "Flying Coach" from London to Manchester took four days and a half, and the journey to Edinburgh occupied twelve to fourteen days. Shortly afterwards, John Palmer introduced the improved mail, which achieved as much as eight miles an hour when the road was in good condition. Lord Campbell tells us that he was warned not to travel by the Palmer coaches, as certain passengers on the way from Edinburgh to London

had died of apoplexy from the rapidity of the motion.

With the coming of the great road engineers, Macadam and Telford, began that short fifty years which marked the palmy days of coaching. Good roads took the place of bad ones; quick travelling commenced, and coaches ran from various termini in London to all parts of England, with the regularity and punctuality of a first-class train service, the speed reached being sometimes as much as fourteen miles an hour, or an average all round of nearly ten miles. Scarcely had matters reached this pitch before the railway arrived. One by one the famous coaches were taken off: coaching inns reverted to wayside public houses; coachmen and guards found employment as railwaymen or retired to the workhouse; and those who had hitherto wagered on the speed of some favourite whip took to timing the exploits of the iron horse. However, during the two centuries of traffic on the road, ever growing thicker and thicker, Crown, Bull, Red Lion, Falcon and the rest had profited by the good trade and had enlarged their premises into huge, palatial structures. Fine houses of the nobility were required and pressed into the service, like the great Castle Inn at Marlborough, once the mansion of Francis, Lord Seymour, and afterwards of the Duchess of Somerset, and the Northumberland family. Mr. Stanley Weyman has made this inn the scene of his sweetest and most enthralling

THE BEAR, THE OLD GEORGE AND THE COTSWOLD ARMS,
HIGH STREET, BURFORD.

novel. Many a wayside alehouse was enabled to put on a big red-brick front and relegate its rustic *habitués* to an obscure taproom down the yard. At Sittingbourne, Godalming, Puckeridge, Ware, Wycombe or Burford we can still trace the almost continuous lines of the great inns, many of them forlorn wrecks and converted into shops, but in other cases reviving and entering into a new era of prosperity with the advent of the motor-car. At Holywell Hill, St. Albans, there is a row of these old inns, and opposite them a series of humbler houses of call for postboys, guards and coachmen.

At one of these inns at St. Albans—the White Hart—there actually happened that tragical accident so vividly described by the loquacious Jingle. "Heads, heads—take care of your heads! Terrible place—dangerous work—other day—five children—mother tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking!"

Almost every one of the old coaching inns has its romantic story of the duke who courted the ostler's daughter, disguised as a pedlar—yea, and married her, too! Of the young eloping couple whose chaise was smuggled out through the stables into a by-road, just as the avenging guardian pulled up at the front door; of the young lady who, while her parents were at dinner, slipped off with

her lover on board a coach travelling in a different direction, and so on. Sadder is the story of Joey Duddle, a noted postillion on the Carlisle road. Omitting on one occasion to wear his woollen nightcap he caught a cold and became extremely deaf. Shortly afterwards he was driving a couple bound for Gretna and his passengers felt satisfied that with such a fine pair of animals scampering away at record speed they were safe from all pursuit. Alas ! a crack, a crash and a scream from the lady; the bolt connecting forewheels with body had snapped—and the chaise fell forward in the middle of the road. Meanwhile the deaf postillion, unconscious of the gentleman's shouts and threats, cantered merrily forward, his mind set on getting his charge through and earning a big *pourboire*, till he drew up at the next posting inn with nothing but a forecarriage and a young lady's trunk behind him. Too late he hurried back—but no traces of the missing chaise could be seen. The lady's friends had arrived on the scene and all was over. Poor Joey hid himself in a hayloft for three days, and only with difficulty could his master persuade him to resume his whip.

Then there is the story of the fat gentleman of Bath, who wanted to go up by the mail to London, but was refused unless he would consent to be taken as lumber by the stone weight. However, he induced the ostler to take a place for him, and in the morning opened the door and got into the coach

when no one was near. When the other passengers came his huge bulk so filled the vehicle that there was no room left for them. Hearing a proposal to " pull him out," he let down the blind, and laying his enormous hand on the edge of the door, he asked who would dare to pull him out, drew up the window and, waiting some time, fell asleep. About one in the morning he awoke, and calling out to know whereabouts he was on the journey, he perceived what was the fact, that to end the altercation with him, the horses had been put to another coach, and that he had spent the night at the inn door at Bath.

Highway robbery was almost part of the routine of coach travelling two centuries ago, especially within thirty miles of London. Hardly an old inn in this radius but can boast either of its " hide " where Dick Turpin could lie safely concealed or of its anecdote of a marvellous leap, by means of which this enterprising rascal eluded the Bow Street runners. Dick was himself the son of an innkeeper who kept the Crown at Hempstead in Essex. In almost the same week of 1762 we read, " On Tuesday last the Norwich stage was stopped in Epping Forest by a single highwayman, who robbed the passengers of six guineas," and " on the Saturday three post-chaises were robbed on this side of Dartford by three footpads, armed with pistols and having whips in their hands," who took from them a considerable sum of money. His Majesty's mails were even more unlucky

on such expeditions; the letter-carriers were fair game for the feeblest kind of thief. A piece of string stretched across the road at the entrance of Kent Street, Borough, served to stop the French mail. This caught the horses' legs, caused them to stumble and threw the postboy off. Whereupon he returned to the chief office and coolly reported the loss of the mail bags.

More than fifty years later, the story is told in the public press of a person, pretty well dressed and genteelly mounted, who put up at the Four Swans, near Waltham Cross, where he dined on a roasted chicken and a bottle of wine. After dinner he went into the yard, ordered his horse, mounted and rode away. The master of the house, missing him, and finding he had not paid his reckoning, immediately took a horse out of the stable, rode after him, and about a mile and a half off, at a place called the Two Bridges, overtook him, and accosted him by saying, " I believe, sir, you forgot to pay." To which the other replied, " Oh dear, I believe I did," and putting his hand to his pocket as if for money, instantly pulled out a pistol, which he clapped to the landlord's breast, swearing he would shoot him if he did not that moment deliver up his horse and what money was on his person. The unfortunate landlord decided that it was wisest to comply with the request.

There were other highway robberies besides those perpetrated by Claude Duval or Captain

Macheath. From the *Annual Register*, under Sept. 12th, 1762, we learn that the Duke of Nivernais, with the character of Ambassador and plenipotentiary from the Court of France, arrived in London to treat of peace. The first night after His Excellency arrived in England he lay at Canterbury, at the Red Lion. The innkeeper's bill in the morning was as follows :

	£	s.	d.
Tea, coffee and chocolate	1	4	0
Supper for self and servants	15	10	0
Bread and Beer	3	0	0
Fruit	2	15	0
Wine and Punch	10	8	8
Wax candles and charcoal	3	0	0
Broken glass and china	2	10	0
Lodgings	1	7	0
Tea, coffee and chocolate	2	0	0
Chaise and horses for next stage	2	16	0

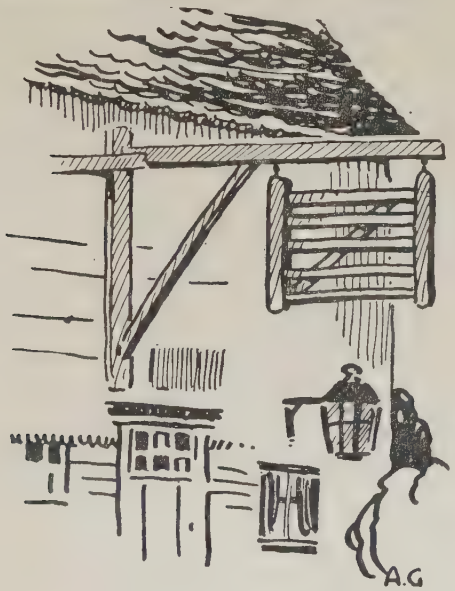
The whole company, consisting of twelve persons, drank mostly port wine; and, according to the quantity, 11s. per bottle and punch the same.

An English gentleman who accompanied the party informed the Secretary of State, who apologized to His Excellency for so flagrant an imposition, and, but for the generous intercession of the latter, proceedings would have been taken. Anyhow, the matter became notorious, and other landlords at Canterbury lost no time in informing the public that it was not at their house that the Duke put up. Within six months the proprietor of the Red Lion was a ruined man.

Seventy years ago a newly-wedded couple, starting on a Continental tour, found, on arriving at Dover, the sea in so angry a mood that the lady declined to venture on the frail-looking steamer. Hence they decided to remain at an hotel. A week elapsed before the waves assumed a more favourable aspect, and they discovered that when they had paid the bill for those seven days the sum set aside for the tour was entirely exhausted and they must return home at once.

The coaching inns prepared the way for the railway stations, and most of the terms in use to-day are derived from the old method of travelling. A booking-office was a necessity with a vehicle of limited capacity for which the prudent traveller must secure a seat in advance. Waiting-rooms were, of course, essential, and some of the devices for loading anticipated the modern platform. The guard of the coach became the guard of the train and for years wore the old uniform, including a tall hat. Many coaching inns were pressed into the service of the iron road, for the stations were at first named after the inns, as the New Cross, Dartmouth Arms, Anerley Arms and Jolly Sailor on the original Croydon railway. Others survived as goods receiving offices for the railway carriers. In the neighbourhood of London some fortunate ones served as headquarters for the horse omnibus, which, up to recent years, bore names expressing some destination in the suburbs, the Monster,

Pimlico, Royal Oak, Bayswater or Mother Shipton in the Edgware Road. In country towns they continued to be the places of departure for the carriers to remote villages. These carts are still a favourite method of travel for the rustic, in spite of the competition of the motor service.



THE BONES GATE, EWELL

Here and there on the great roads will occur the sign of the Gate, with the legend:

> " This gate hangs high and hinders none.
> Refresh and pay and travel on,"

recalling the very unpopular turnpike which to our grand fathers appeared well-nigh as pestilent

a plague infesting the road as the highwaymen to their grandfathers. The hermits who levied blackmail on passing wayfarers with wooden bars and iron keys for their instruments of extortion, according to Mr. Tony Weller, were "All on 'em men who had met with some disappointment in life. 'Consequence of vich, they retires from the world and shuts themselves in pikes; partly with a view of being solitary and partly to revenge themselves on mankind."

"Sometimes," complains another writer, "in the dead of night, they won't get up until it pleases them. Sometimes, for want of change, your twopenny toll costs you half a crown; the misanthropic gentlemen are pike-keepers, not money dealers." Young bloods considered them fair game for practical jokes, and it was a laudable exploit to screw up the victim in his cell and saw asunder the obstructive wooden bar. Old rights of way were revived or new tracks were opened, with the collusion of landowners, to evade the hateful duties. Not uncommonly the Gate inns served as landmarks for these profitable detours.

CHAPTER XIX

COFFEE HOUSES

ABOUT the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Anthony Shirley, the famous traveller, discovered at Aleppo "a drink made of seed that will intoxicate the brain." But it was not till half a century later, after an exiled Greek bishop named Conopius had infected the Fellows of Balliol with the habit, that coffee drinking was introduced into England. According to Anthony Wood, one Isaac Jobson, a Jew, opened the first coffee house at Oxford in 1650, under the sign of the Angel. Soon afterwards, a Turkey merchant set up a similar establishment in Cornhill, where the beverage was prepared by Pasqua Rosee, a Ragusan youth whom he had brought from Smyrna.

If we could believe the handbills distributed by Rosee, the "vertue of the Coffee drink" was remarkable.

"About half a pint of it is to be drunk fasting an hour before, and not eating after, and to be taken as hot as possibly can be endured; the which will

never fetch the skin off the mouth, or raise any blisters, by reason of that heat.

. . . . . .

"It much quickens the spirits and makes the heart lightsome; it is good against sore eyes, and the better if you hold your head over it and take in the steam that way. It suppresseth fumes exceedingly, and therefore is good against the head-ache, and will much stop any defluxion of rheums that distil from the head upon the stomach and so prevent and help consumption and the cough of the lungs.

"It is excellent to prevent and cure the dropsy, gout and scurvy. It is known by experience to be better than any other drying drink for people in years, or children that have any running humours upon them, as the King's Evil, etc.

. . . . . .

"It is observed that in Turkey, where this is generally drunk, that they are not troubled with the stone, gout, dropsy or scurvy, and that their skins are exceedingly clear and white. It is neither laxative nor astringent.

"*Made and sold at St. Michael's Alley in Cornhill by Pasqua Rosee at the sign of his own head.*"

The new beverage did not meet with universal approval and a *Broadside against Coffee* asserts that the proprietor of Rosee's Head was a coachman, and ridicules the notion that hot coffee will

not burn the mouth. However, in spite of all opposition:

> "Now, alas! the drench has credit got
> And he's no gentleman that drinks it not."

Rosee's experiment proved so successful that similar establishments soon became common in London and the leading towns; in the later Stuart and Hanoverian times these became the favourite resorts of wit and fashion. Among the earliest were Ward's in Bread Street, at the sign of the Solyman's Head, and the Sultan Amurath's Head in Exchange Alley. Tokens to serve as small money were issued by both of these establishments and specimens of them are still extant. A notable group were to be found at the eastern end of the Strand. George's, which stood on the site now occupied by the George Hotel, opposite the Law Courts, attracted a witty company.

According to Shenstone, when the mob were carrying an effigy of Lord Oxford to be beheaded on Tower Hill, they came into the box at George's, where His Lordship himself was sitting, and begged money of him, amongst others. Shenstone generally made this house his headquarters when he came up to town. Here at the cost of one shilling, "I read all pamphlets under a three shilling dimension—and indeed any larger would not be fit for Coffee-house perusal."

Tom's Coffee House was frequented by Pope

and Akenside. Curiously enough, it was here that Mr. Thomas Twining commenced to sell the rival beverage of tea, and Twining's Bank subsequently occupied the site. Close by was the Grecian, where a goodly company assembled of poets and other literary folk, including Addison, Steele and Goldsmith. The name was derived from the original proprietor, a Greek from the Levant, who opened it to push the sale of oriental delicacies in 1664. Sir Isaac Newton often spent his evenings in the Grecian. This house and the Rainbow still flourish as taverns.

The Bedford Coffee House stood in Covent Garden at the eastern corner of the Piazza. This was the favourite resort of Foote when he was at the height of his popularity, and here were to be found other great comedians, such as Garrick, Quin, Murphy and Sheridan. The atmosphere was redolent of quips and cranks, puns and repartee. Many of these humorous sallies have come down to us.

Garrick was once leaving the Bedford in company with Foote, when the latter dropped a guinea and exclaimed, as he looked about for it: "Where on earth has it gone to?"

"Gone to the Devil," replied Garrick, still, however, joining in the search. Quick as lightning came Foote's retort:

"Let you alone for making a guinea go further than anyone else in the world!"

At Button's, Addison and Steele presided as kings among the wits and critics, as securely as Foote reigned at the Bedford.

Within the City of London, the best known houses were the Jerusalem, with its news room; Garraway's, where tea was first served; Jonathan's, also in Change Alley; the Chapter, in Paternoster Row; and Child's, in St. Paul's Churchyard. An unexpected destiny was reserved for a Coffee House kept by one Edward Lloyd, in Tower Street, and removed in 1692 to Lombard Street, where it became a convenient meeting-place for shipping agents and underwriters. In the course of the next hundred years, long before the organization had removed to its enlarged premises in the Royal Exchange, Lloyd's had become the world's headquarters of marine insurance and shipping intelligence. "A 1 at Lloyd's" was already a household word.

The Coffee Houses were not solely devoted to the new Eastern luxury, and the same kinds of refreshment could be obtained as in ordinary taverns. Thus, in 1731, James Ashby advertised at his Coffee House on Ludgate Hill, "Dorchester Beer, Welsh Ale, the finest and best old arrack, rum and French brandy made into Punch. A quart of arrack made into punch for six shillings; and so on in proportion to the smallest quantity which is half a quartern for fourpence halfpenny. A quart of rum or brandy made into punch for four shillings,

and so on in proportion to the smallest quantity, which is half a quartern for threepence; and gentlemen may have it as soon made as a gill of wine can be drawn."

Nevertheless, the promoters of the Coffee House aimed at raising the tone of the tavern. If it was not to be more temperate, at least there would be more of order and refinement. In the Luttrell Collection is a placard, evidently intended to be hung up on the wall of each public room.

"THE RULES AND ORDERS OF THE COFFEE HOUSE

Enter, Sirs, freely, but first, if you please,
Peruse our civil orders, which are these.
First, Gentry, Tradesmen, all are welcome hither,
And may without affront sit down together;
Pre-eminence of place none here should mind,
But take the next fit seat that he can find;
Nor need any, if finer persons come,
Rise up, for to assign to them his room;
To limit men's expense we think not fair,
But let him forfeit twelve pence who shall swear;
He that shall any quarrel here begin
Shall give each man a dish to atone the sin,
And so shall he, whose compliments extend
So far to drink in Coffee to his friend;
Let noise of loud dispute be here forborne,
No Maudlin lovers here in corners mourn,
But all be brisk, and talk, but not too much;
On sacred things, let none presume to touch,
Nor profane Scripture, nor saucily wrong
Affairs of State with an irreverent tongue.
Let mirth be innocent, and each man see

That all his jests without reflection be.
To keep the house more quiet and from blame,
We banish hence cards, dice and every game,
Nor can allow of wagers that exceed
Five shillings, which ofttimes do trouble breed.
Let all that's lost or forfeited be spent
In such good liquor as the house doth vent,
And customers endeavour to their powers,
For to observe, still, seasonable hours.
Lastly, let each man what he calls for pay,
And so you're welcome to come every day."

In an old paper, dated Friday, 13th August, 1695, is the following curious advertisement :

> " At the marine coffee house, in Birchin-lane, is water-gruel to be sold every morning from six till eleven of the clock. 'Tis not yet thoroughly known; but there comes such company as drinks usually four or five gallons in a morning."

Perhaps the meanest and most tragic in its result of all practical jokes is related in the *St. James's Chronicle* of February 10th, 1762. A gentleman in a coffee-house called a porter to deliver a letter to a house near Charing Cross. The contents of the letter were: " Detain the bearer as a man fit to serve His Majesty." On which he was conveyed on board a tender, and died in a few days of a broken heart, leaving a wife and children.

The Dives in Upper Mall, Hammersmith, remains in much the same condition as when

James Thomson was composing his poem, "Winter." A brass plate inscribed "The Seasons" indicates the room which the poet occupied, if the tradition has not misled us. Later on, it was a favourite house of call for Leigh Hunt, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Captain Marryat.

The fashion of drinking coffee in public gradually disappeared, and by the middle of the last century most of the coffee houses had either been closed or converted into taverns.* The Old Coffee House Inn at Hertford is one of the few buildings originally erected for this purpose which survive. Unfortunately, the most highly decorated elevation faces a narrow court and cannot be examined very easily. The pilasters and beams are exquisitely carved in the early Jacobean style and the noble cornice and broad-tiled roof render the whole very pleasing and effective. It dates from 1660.

* "Groom's" at Temple Bar was an old institution of different type which continued to flourish at the end of the last century.

THE LORD NELSON, CHALK

CHAPTER XX

THE LORD NELSON

AS we have seen in previous chapters, every sign suggests a story; each reminds us of the ancient domain of Baron, Monk, Bishop or Guild, or else it recalls some favourite pastime of our forefathers. Still more important is that large group which celebrate Kings, Ministers of State, and Military Commanders and the facts of elementary history books. Even Saxon kings find their place in this list. We can drink to the memory of King Ethelbert at Reculvers, to King Alfred at Wantage, to King Edgar at Chester and to King Canute at Southampton. From Edward III onwards, our sovereigns are shown in a continuous succession by their heraldic emblems—the Swan, White Hart, Red Lion, Antelope, White Lion, White Boar, Rose and Crown, Portcullis, King's Head, Gun, Queen's Head, Unicorn, etc., etc. The innkeeper was always inclined to be loyal, and the effigy of Oliver Cromwell seldom appeared, even before the Restoration, in spite of the fact that he was a brewer of excellent ale. His son, Richard

Cromwell, is more often portrayed as "Tumble-down Dick"—a piece of chaff which was not meant unkindly. His portrait in the inn of like name at Abingdon shows him as a jolly easy-going old soul, who was only too glad of the chance to retire and enjoy a quiet life.

A long list of inns betrays the connivance of mine host with Prince Charles in his flight after Worcester, and a hundred Royal Oaks betoken the national joy on his accession as Charles II. Queen Anne appears in person, and so do her successors in the House of Brunswick, as well as the Prince of Orange and Prince of Denmark.

Coming to our Statesmen, the Bear and Ragged Staff was the crest of Warwick the King-maker, but was afterwards assumed by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, when he married into the Neville family; the Saracen's Head of Lord Audley and Lord Cobham; the Tiger's Head of Sir Francis Walsingham; the Wheatsheaf of Lord Burleigh; the Goat of the Bedford family; and the Maidenhead of the Duke of Buckingham; but this latter also belongs to the Mercers' Company. The Grasshopper must, of course, be associated with Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange. The Greshams are a very old Kentish family and the sign will be found in the neighbourhood of Westerham. The Pelican was the crest of Thomas Cromwell, who stole it from the Church.

The Tavern has always been the home of free

speech and usually differences of opinion find toleration. But there have been critical times when all have been compelled to take sides and form opposition clubs in self-protection. Perhaps those two great inns which confront each other in High Wycombe, the Falcon and Red Lion once sheltered the opposing factions of Lancaster and York. Again, in the eighteenth century Whig and Tory could scarcely meet without drawing swords, the issues were so serious. Each tavern would have its own political club and would attract its own partisans where the loyal toasts could be drunk according to some acceptable formula.

> " God Bless the King—I mean the faith's defender ;
> God Bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender ;
> But who Pretender is, or who the King,
> God bless us all—that's quite another thing !"

Thus the Whigs adopted the sign of the Punch-bowl to indicate their favourite liquor. The innkeeper was generally allied to the party of reform, as shown by the Intrepid Fox, Sir Francis Burdett, Palmerston and Gladstone; Lord Beaconsfield being comparatively rare. The publican, in fact, was the mainstay of the Liberal party as long as it stood for real freedom and progress; but since its advocacy of tyrannical restrictions and unfair taxation, he has been forced to reconsider his allegiance.

But the public spirit of the innkeeper was in the eighteenth century, as to-day, most conspicuously

shown in time of war, just in those critical days when the nation needed to be heartened and encouraged. How in the old inns they loved to celebrate a victory and to spread the tale of the gallant Admirals or Generals who smashed the Spanish Armada or the Dutch or the French! From Edward the Black Prince, Drake, Raleigh and Hawkins onward, you may read their names on the signboards, but none so frequently as the Lord Nelson. In every seaport, on every high-road leading towards the sea, by the wharf on every tidal river, and even on the banks of an inland canal, either the Lord Nelson or Trafalgar or the Victory will assuredly come in sight sooner or later. Even freshwater sailors could understand what Horatio Nelson had done for England in securing the mastery of the seas. A grateful nation commemorated Wellington and Waterloo almost as heartily, though the Iron Duke and his politics managed to outlive most of their popularity.

The Marquis of Granby is another sign which runs Nelson very close in popularity: the hero himself is almost forgotten. He behaved with great personal courage and spirit in the battles of the Seven Years' War and gave occasion to the expression, "Charging bald-headed." As he was going to charge the enemy, some aide-de-camp cried: "You have lost your wig, my lord!" Whereupon the Marquis retorted, "D——the wig! I can charge bald-headed!"

THE FALCON, HIGH WYCOMBE.

Walpole, reflecting on the transitory nature of fame, a military or naval hero soon getting out of date, remarked that the Duke's Head had succeeded to Admiral Vernon, as he had left few traces of the Dukes of Ormond. The King of Prussia, the "Great Protestant hero," was another result of the Seven Years' War who has been lately painted out to make way for King George or Sir Douglas Haig. At Leicester there is an Earl Beatty, at Norwich a Lord Kitchener, and at Birmingham a Marshal Foch. The first of these displayed for sign, ten years ago, the head of Marshal Blucher.

CHAPTER XXI

THE MAN LADEN WITH MISCHIEF

A LEARNED Tory divine of the last century, an authority on the Tudor period, and one on whom had fallen all the mantles that Jacobite or Non-juror ever muffled themselves in, was wont to remark that drunkenness came into England with the Calvinists. These pious souls, welcomed by the reformers in the reign of Edward VI, hated the jollity and good fellowship of the alehouses. As a corrective, the foreign sectaries introduced to them a new temperance beverage that made people seriously minded and disposed to meditate sadly upon the wickedness of the world. And the name of this new "temperance" drink was gin.

As a general deduction, students of the period will admit this statement is not very far from the truth, albeit difficult to prove by chapter and verse. There were other influences at work in the same direction. Camden in his *History of Queen Elizabeth* asserts that the English, during their long wars in the Netherlands, first learnt to drown themselves with

immoderate drinking. Nash in *Pierce Pennilesse*, published in 1595, also states that drinking to excess was never counted honourable before the expedition to the Netherlands. "Then, if we had seen a man go wallowing in the streets or lain sleeping under a board, we should have spat at him, and warned all our friends out of his company."

People were not perfect in their conduct in mediæval England. Skelton, the Court poet, gives us an amusing picture of Eleanor Rummyng's inn at Leatherhead and of the women who pawned their wedding rings and their husbands' clothes, because the ale was so good. In *Piers Plowman* we read an even more detailed impeachment of the glutton who, when going to his duties, is led astray by his mates into the alehouse and stays there till he is carried home by his wife and maid in a most disgusting condition. All this is bad enough, but it is not alcoholism—only greediness, and the ultimate effects are no worse than an over-indulgence in plum-pudding. No doubt there were other alehouses which attracted bad company, and other wineshops as degraded as those which Villon infested with his Margot; but we can be sure that they were the exception rather than the rule. Poets and reformers do not concern themselves so much with the obvious. The mediæval Church knew no sin of drunkenness in the modern sense.

Once, however, the English people learnt the habit of deep drinking in the seventeenth century,

it became fashionable with all classes. When Christian IV, King of Denmark, was on a visit to James I, a court masque was arranged to be performed in his honour. The players were too tipsy to continue their parts. Not that it mattered, because their majesties were too far gone to find fault.*

Five centuries of home-brewed ales and light wines had built up the virile race of men who in this little island had held their own against the great European empires and steadily lifted English credit. Then came ardent spirits, and especially the passion for gin.

An Act of Parliament of Henry VII empowered justices to close alehouses which made themselves notorious for bad conduct, and under Edward VI (Cap. 25, 1552) it was enacted that no one should keep an alehouse without the authority of two Justices of the Peace. Various other Acts followed, chiefly with the idea of getting revenue from the licensing of alehouses. But the enforcement of such regulations was not uniform throughout the country. All sorts of traders sold ale as part of their business and the sale of spirits was left uncontrolled.

In 1643 the Parliament of Revolution imposed the first excise duty on ale and beer, and these duties were increased from time to time, until the sale of these healthful liquors fell away ; at the beginning of the eighteenth century, it is calculated

* *Curiosities of Literature*, ii, 295.

that one house of every four in London was a gin shop.

Soon afterwards Hogarth produced his two famous pictures, *Beer Street* and *Gin Lane*, a terrible indictment against the criminal policy of successive governments. In *Beer Street* everybody is fat, happy and prosperous, the only person in trouble being the pawnbroker, who for lack of trade cannot pay his rent and must barricade himself inside his dilapidated domain against the brokers. Even he is consoling himself with a cheering pot. In *Gin Lane* the pawnbroker is the only flourishing tradesman amid a scene of horrible poverty, vice and misery.

The Man Loaded with Mischief, the most celebrated of all painted signs, tells the same story. Hogarth's original appeared on an alehouse in Oxford Street; a copy is still to be seen hanging outside an old inn at Blewbury, Berkshire, and we believe also at Norwich. The man is bent down under the weight of a leering woman who has a glass labelled " gin " in her hand; on his shoulders also are a monkey and a magpie. On the right a workman is pledging his tools with Gripe, the pawnbroker. Opposite, a sow is asleep in a pot-house with two cats philandering on the roof and the legend, " She is as drunk as a sow."

The ministers of Queen Anne had done their best to encourage the growing vice. Ale was discouraged, French wine was practically forbidden.

The Methuen Act gave an enormous tariff preference to the strong wines of Portugal—sherry and port; the Act for encouraging the consumption of malted corn, together with that repealing the monopoly of the Distillers' Company, enabled anybody who chose to start manufacturing gin in his backyard.* These governments of Queen Anne authorized and encouraged that famous sign in Southwark :

> " Drunk for 1d.
> Dead drunk for 2d.
> Clean Straw for Nothing."

In 1736, a heavy tax of 20s. per gallon was put upon gin and the retailer charged a licence of £50. But it was easily evaded by giving the spirit some fancy name as a cordial ; and even then the liquor sold as gin increased in annual consumption from eleven million to twenty million gallons. Gin, whether as a consolation or a curse, continued to be the mainstay of the poor and unhappy, the criminal and the vicious among our town populations—until the reaction of mid-Victorian days.

> " For the want of a drop of good beer
> Drives lots to tipples more dear ;
> And they licks their wives
> And destroys their lives
> Which they wouldn't have done upon beer ! "

Among the educated classes, perhaps, things im-

* *Bottlescrew Days. Wine Drinking in England.* A. L. Simon.

proved for a time in the early eighteenth century. Addison in the *Spectator* advises his readers to restrict their allowance to three glasses, one for your health, another for friends, and the third, if indulged in, for enemies. This precept was highly approved by a converted reader, who only suggested that there was a printer's error and for "glass" would read "bottle." But, if such a reform actually took place, it was of short endurance.

With the Hanoverians hard drinking became the universal fashion. Many anecdotes might be retold of the "three bottle" men and the "six bottle" men who made a practice of consuming that quantity of port or sherry each evening after dinner; of statesmen whose names still call for our deepest reverence, coming to their seats in the House of Commons in such a condition that one failed to see the Speaker and the other declared that he could see two; of the collar boy, who sat hidden under the dining-table and loosened the cravat of each gentleman when he slipped down from his chair into oblivion. But to dwell on such matters can serve no useful purpose. Every cloud has its silver lining, and while many fell by the way, Nature insisted on the survival of the fittest. From these generations of hard drinkers was evolved the typical Englishman, clear-headed, patient and eternally cool and collected, who can be depended upon to act promptly, be the crisis never so sudden.

With the Victorian age there began a gradual

and steady process of reformation which has continued ever since. Set convivial orgies and drinking matches are no longer in fashion. In part we may ascribe the improvement to better food, education and easier conditions of living. Some credit must be ascribed to the great temperance movement. We personally are not admirers of teetotalism, but this will not restrain our whole-hearted tribute to the courage and self-sacrifice of such leaders as Father Mathew in Ireland, John B. Gough in America, and dear old Archbishop Temple and Dr. B. W. Richardson in England. By the force of sheer example and without resort to sophistication of science or political chicanery they set to work to break the bad Hanoverian drinking traditions. All honour to them for it! Another point to remember is that, with the renewal of closer intercourse with France, the Englishman once more learnt the refinement and self-restraint at table which are characteristic of the Latin races, who are subject to no artificial restrictions and are yet habitually sober.

CHAPTER XXII

IN PRAISE OF THE PUBLICAN

JUST a few miles south of St. Albans, on a road so scrupulously straight that it might well be mistaken for a section of the Watling Street, is the Hertfordshire village of Shenley. Shenley offers many attractions to the antiquary, but none so famous as its "round house," a quaint erection nestling between a pond and the old inn and in shape resembling a gigantic carboy or acid bottle. Once upon a time it was the "stone jug" wherein wrongdoers were imprisoned. Records state that the last person to undergo durance vile was the village publican, and that his fate was undeserved. Such is, too often, his story told in brief.

To begin with, no person can acquire a licence to keep a public house unless he is of irreproachable moral character. No candidate for ordination has to pass through such a searching inquiry into every hole and corner of his past life. And then, having passed the ordeal with flying colours, he must be content for the rest of his life to be regarded as unworthy of the society of the "unco' guid."

Respectable people must not know him. The conduct of his business is fraught with constant difficulties and serious risks, many of the regulations being actually impossible to observe. His path is amid all kinds of official pitfalls, not least of all the contemptible *agent provocateur*. What wonder if in some unguarded moment he makes a blunder or succumbs to some subtle temptation? And then, for what in other walks of life would be regarded as a venial misdemeanour, he is branded as a horrible criminal and vanishes from the scene.

The publican has his failings—and his enemies eager to shout them in the market place. For me, it is my humour to praise him for virtues which too often are left unrecorded.

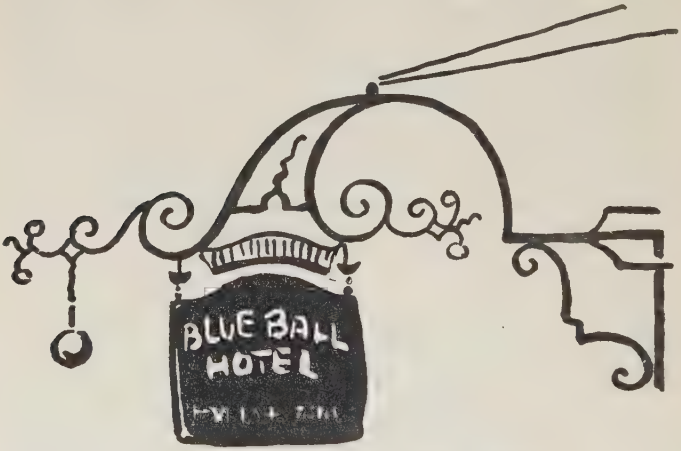
The Landlord of to-day, as befits one whose vocation brings continual anxieties and responsibilities, who needs a nice judgment and much restraint of temper, may be said to be rather matter of fact and stolid. He generally errs on the side of steady respectability. Not for him the uproarious gaiety of Bully Wagstaff, so beloved by Washington Irving, nor even the jollity of some of Fielding's hosts. The ideal publican is the retired butler, like Matthew Grogan in Theodore Hook's *Doubts and Fears*, careful to be correct in behaviour, concealing temptations to be witty at the expense of others and, above all, a most delightful affectation of stupidity when any insinuation is made against some person who is absent at the moment. The

gossip of the alehouse never includes scandal. Tea drinking and venomous spite go well together. With wine and beer men must be drawn into love for one another. Marie Corelli testifies to this feature of the Common House :

> "There was the usual little gathering there one evening—smoking and chatting pleasantly over their clay pipes, when a stranger came in. And after his wants had been satisfied he broke in on their conversation with a bit of scandal which had lately arisen in the neighbourhood. In a moment there was a mighty crash. For mine host—the worthy old inn-keeper—in his rage at having the peaceful surroundings of his precincts violated, had come down with his clenched fist on the counter, sweeping every tankard off on to the floor with the words, 'None of that here.'"

God made wine and God bade us all drink of it, because it makes men kindly affectioned one to another. Or at least it makes the publican the man who never loses a chance to do a good turn. Cobbett knew that well and mentions it over and over again in his *Rural Rides*, when he traversed the roads of England with the help of a very slender purse. At Heytesbury he bought a breakfast for some poor lads whose trade in clothweaving had come to an end ; whereupon the landlord and his wife both refused to accept anything for his own reckoning ; and he adds, "Pretty generally I have found a good deal of compassion for the poor people to prevail amongst publicans and their wives."

I also have found this true in my wanderings ; meeting some poor fellow starving on the road I have asked for him a crust of bread and cheese. Boniface has refused to accept payment and has added a glass of ale. Moreover, I am in the secret of a landlady who for months provided the midday meal of an ex-officer, in complete indifference to the poor prospect of the bill ever being paid. Her



THE SIGN OF THE BLUE BALL, BRUTON

only worry was that credit for drink was illegal and she liked to see the poor man happy for a while.

George Borrow is another genuine son of Arcady who loved the old inns and had learnt the true philosophy of life. Whether moderate or immoderate he advises that all bills should be paid with a smiling countenance. " It is much more

comfortable to pay them with a smile than with a frown, and it is much better to give a sixpence or a shilling to a poor servant, which you will never miss at the year's end, to be followed from the door of an inn by good wishes, than by giving nothing to be pursued by cutting silence, or the still more cutting 'H'm!'" But Borrow had discovered that there are landlords and landladies whose foible it is to undercharge, and even to undercharge strangers! I also have come across them in most unlikely places, on the banks of the Thames, in the by-ways of Normandy and Brittany, in Continental towns and amid the mountains; and have acquired bills at the sight of which the managers of Metropoles tear their hair and foam at the mouth with impotent rage.

The home life at the public house is not always wanting in culture and refinement. This is proved by the number of eminent men whose early years were spent in the environment. Country inns are frequently kept by retired artists or even schoolmasters. At the Crown at Mundford I made the acquaintance of an antiquary well equipped in geology and prehistoric implements; engineers, photographers and electricians of mark are to be found in every county. At Mickleham there was formerly a proprietor of the Running Horse who was a most observant botanist. Poets have been numerous, in addition to the two classic examples,

Taylor the Water Poet and Ned Ward of the *London Spy*.

One prefers to be entertained by a host of plump or portly proportions. I have known many, especially retired prize-fighters and cricketers, who get very obese. But never was there one more massive than the late Mr. James Stokes of the Punch Bowl, High Easter. Seeing him at midday with his vast unwieldy bulk snoring in a huge arm-chair, people would often imagine that it was occasioned by indolence. But he was a conscientious good-hearted man and remarkably active in his trade—surely unique for a fat man—a thatcher !

The tallest of licensees was Mr. Frederick Kempster, who at the age of twenty-two weighed twenty stone, and measured in height 8 feet 2½ ins. His size in boots was 22½. He kept the Barge Inn at Seend, just outside the town of Devizes.

Strangest of all is the Fox at Great Bradley, Suffolk, which has been managed most efficiently since 1910 by a man who has never seen it. Mr. Nathan William Gooch, the innkeeper, was blinded while serving in the Army, by the bursting of a mineral water bottle.

Many inns have remained in the possession of a single family for centuries ; the Ship and Turtle, Leadenhall Street, has the distinction of having been in the hands of a succession of widows. From the archives we learn that in 1735 Mrs. Abigail was the owner and was succeeded in 1752 by Margaret

Beaumont. In 1787 a third widow took charge, by name Mrs. Jones, and left it to her daughter Mrs. Boake. The latter continued to preside over the establishment until 1855, when she sold it to a fifth widow, Mrs. Charlotte Brown. The purchase by a mere man, ten years later, broke a succession which had lasted for nearly 150 years. The history of the Ship and Turtle goes back to the fourteenth century.

EPILOGUE

WE have followed the story of the Common House through a thousand years of stress and storm, while Saxon, Briton, Dane and Norman fused their temperaments into one and called themselves English. Baron and knight, yeoman and merchant, journeyman and villein, each in turn strove to become articulate in Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, Habeas Corpus and Reform Bills. Throughout these stirring times, manor house, inn, tavern and alehouse have been the great steadying influence that held classes together and saved the country from collapse. Tenants and retainers were kept in touch with their lord, villagers with their squire and workers with their employers in a common human bond of fellowship.

And now, when Society has been riddled with sectarianism and has reached well-nigh the stage of incoherence, can the old institution draw man to man once more? Without some such refuge from class hatred civilisation must fall to pieces. But the public house itself is nearing its doom, suffocated under a mass of impossible regulations. It grew up among men who had set their feet firmly on the

path to liberty. It can only exist as the meeting-place of a free people.

Every scheme for the betterment of the public house has been ruined by ill-advised legislation, injudicious police regulations, and, above all, imprudent licensing justices. The old idea of the Common House for meeting and recreation is being driven out of existence to make way for a mere shop where taxable drinks are sold under vexatious conditions. It would be absurd to say that the modern public house is either disreputable or badly conducted. But in our towns it is noisy, uncomfortable and crowded. A lot of business has to be done in a few restricted hours and in narrow quarters. Hence the "festive spirit" becomes hurried, excitable and feverish in its energy. Whenever any scheme is mooted for large, airy rooms, with seats and tables, the justices hold up their hands in pious horror. More space for drinking purposes!

Wireless, cinemas or reading-rooms can never usurp the place in social life formerly occupied by the old tavern. All these are mere sedatives, or provide a kind of mental forcible feeding. Only in the public house do men meet for mutual improvement and to provide amusement of their own initiative. What matter if the news be much older than the ale, so long as the ordinary man has the chance to exercise his brains in a discussion!

The "Trade" seems quite able to rise to the

occasion whenever the justices will allow improvements. Take, just for example, the Fellowship Inn on the Bellingham estate of the London County Council, near Catford. It is one of a series of Anchor taverns owned by Messrs. Barclay, Perkins and Company. Customers are invited to be served seated at round tables in the lounge or in a large hall, with a sliding roof, where musicians perform from time to time. Parents may bring their children under these conditions and there is no bar lounging. Excellent fare is provided and a counter is attached where cooked food may be bought and taken home. Allowing for different needs in different districts, the owners of public houses are eager to reorganise their houses on similar lines. Nobody can wander around suburban districts or provincial towns without remarking on the architecture, sensible arrangement and general good character of the rebuilt taverns. The Plough, Romford Common, the Green Man, Southend, the Fox under the Hill, Shooters' Hill, the Cricketers, Stroud Green, and the Wellington Tavern, Waterloo Road, S.E., each in their way show what can be done when architect and landlord are allowed to do it.

The character of the public house can never be settled by Act of Parliament or any other authority. It depends upon those who frequent it. If well-conducted people form the habit of going there, it will become a well-conducted place ; if abandoned

to undesirables and loafers it will become an undesirable place, but the responsibility must, to some extent, rest upon those who stay away. Especially I wish that I could induce the teetotaller to use the public house regularly as a matter of principle. First, because of the value of his presence as a reforming influence ; secondly, because his presence there would help to dispel the notion that a tavern merely exists for the purpose of supplying alcoholic drinks. Such drinks are kept on sale, with others, because the public house is an unsectarian place, and the publican has no right to dictate to his customers what form their refreshment shall take, but must provide for the reasonable demands of all. The teetotaller will be welcomed there—temperance drinks are profitable—often he will discover that the landlord himself is a teetotaller.

It is good for man to mix in converse with those outside his own set. Few of us but would be better and more useful in the world if we came into contact sometimes with people who honestly differ from us in opinion and do not hesitate to contradict us. We all need to be taken down from our own self-confidence, to acquire a little self-restraint and to cultivate that most excellent gift of Charity.

For my part, I am content with the Creed of the Son of Sirach :

Wine is as good as life to men,
If thou drink it in discretion ;
What life is there to a man who is without wine ?

For it was made to make men glad.
Wine measurably drunk and in season
bringeth joy to the heart and cheerfulness to the mind.
But wine drunken with excess is bitterness of soul with brawling and quarrelling.

In Vino Veritas. How this knowledge transfigures the poor little village *estaminet* and the unattractive-looking beer-shop in a shabby back street ! The joyous adventure of life reaches to ecstatic moments when men of good-will yearn together heart to heart and soul to soul ; not under the spell of bestial Silenus, but realising their common brotherhood in the loving cup of Dionysus, the gracious type of sincerity and eternal youth !

GLOSSARY OF SIGNS

The numerals refer to pages in the body of the work

A.B.C. Formerly on the Alphabet Inn, Clare Market.
Acorn. Heraldic.
Adam and Eve, 156.
Albion. Name of famous war vessel.
Alexandra. Consort of Edward VII.
Alfred, King. 189.
Almond Tree. Topographical.
Albemarle, Duke of. General Monk.
Anchor. Ecclesiastical or Heraldic.
Angel, 45.
Antelope, 62.
Apple Tree. A Cider house.
Arabian Horse. Godolphin—ancestor of many Derby winners.
Artichoke. Dates from time of Evelyn, when the vegetable was introduced from Italy.
Ash Tree. Topographical.
Ass in the Bandbox. The famous Bandbox Plot of 1711.
Bag of Nails. Perhaps a vulgarism for Bacchanals.
Balaclava. Battle in Crimean War.
Bald-faced Stag. An animal with a white strip down the forehead.
Baker and Brewer. With the legend "Bread is the Staff of life, but Beer's life itself."
Barley Mow. Brewer's sign.

Bat and Ball. Cricketer's sign.
Bear. Heraldic.
Bear and Ragged Staff, 190.
Beetle and Wedge, 123.
Beehive. St. Ambrose or St. Bernard.
Beatty, Earl, 193.
Bell, 81.
Bells, 133.
Benbow. Admiral.
Bess of Bedlam. Consort of Tom o' Bedlam (*King Lear*).
Bird in Hand, 130, 158.
Bishop Blaise, 120.
Black Boy. Tobacconist's Sign.
Black Bull. House of Clarence.
Black Friar. Recalls Dominican Priory.
Black Bear. Heraldic.
Black Horse, 56.
Black Lion, 64.
Black Swan. Suggests a rarity.
Bleeding Heart. Probably the Sorrowful Mysteries.
Blue Boar. Earl of Oxford. White Boars were painted blue after the Battle of Bosworth.
Blue Lion, 71.
Boar's Head, 120.
Bolt in Tun. Rebus of Bolton family. But barrel heads were often used as targets.
Boot. Cobblers were frequently purveyors of ale in the 17th Century. Also heraldic.
Bonny Cravat. At Woodchurch. Kent.
Book in Hand. Arms of University of Oxford.
Brunswick. Whig sign.
Buck's Head. Heraldic.
Bull, 17.
Bull's Head, 124.
Bull and Gate; Bull and Mouth. Perhaps victory of Boulogne Mouth.

Burdett, Sir Francis. Great Parliamentary reformer.
Bush, 95.
Cat. Heraldic. Either Lion or Tiger.
Cat and Wheel. Catherine Wheel.
Cat and Fiddle, 155.
Caxton Gibbet, 157.
Checquers, 96.
Church House, 80.
Chough. Heraldic.
Cherry Tree. Topographical.
Cock. Sometimes Ecclesiastical. More often indicates that ale or wine is on draught.
Cock and Bottle. Indicates that bottled and draught ale are on sale.
Cock and Bell, 130.
Cock and Bull. Whimsical.
Cock and Pie. Perhaps Peacock and Magpie.
Coffee House, 186.
Coffin, 157.
Corner Pin. Refers to Skittles or Quoits.
Cow and Snuffers. From Colman's play, *The Review*.
Cradle and Coffin. Philosophical, no doubt.
Crispin and Crispian. Refers to Battle of Agincourt. Also, see 124.
Crooked Billet, 157.
Cross in Hand. Corruption of "Cross hands," a hearty grip of welcome.
Cross Keys. Emblem of St. Peter.
Crown, 8.
Crown and Cushion. The Coronation ceremonies.
Cumberland, Duke of. Whig Sign.
Dagger. London sign, suggested by City Arms.
Dairy Maid. Originally Cheesemonger's sign.
Dirty Dick. A famous Bishopsgate tradesman.
Dog and Doublet. A wayside tale.
Devil. Originally part of a picture of St. Dunstan.

Dolphin. Perhaps, as in the case of the Dolphin, Bishopsgate, it recalls a visit of the French Dauphin; sometimes Heraldic, or an appeal to sailors, the term describing a makeshift method of anchorage.
Don John. The famous opera, *Don Juan*.
Dove and Rainbow. A Dyer's sign.
Dragon. Heraldic.
Drake. Admiral.
Drover's Call. Suggests the old green lanes by which herds of cattle and sheep were driven to London.
Dun Cow. A ballad sign.
Dunstan, Sir Jeffrey. A notorious Mayor of Garrett.
Durham Ox. A famous strain of cattle.
Eagle. Heraldic.
Eagle and Child. The Stanley family.
Elephant and Castle. The Cutlers' Company.
Essex Serpent. The St. Osyth Dragon, a satirical broadside of 1704.
Falcon. Yorkist sign, 191.
Falstaff, 146.
Feathers. Device of the Prince of Wales.
Fighting Cocks, 129.
Fig Tree. A grocer's sign.
First and Last. Whimsical.
Five Alls, 162.
Fleece. Wool Merchant's sign.
Fleur de Lys. Heraldic.
Flower Pot, 47.
Flying Bull. Probably in rivalry of a Flying Horse inn.
Flying Horse. Usually from the Knights Templar.
Foch, Marshal, 193.
Fountain, 98.
Four Merry Maidens. Carved sign in Shinfield Street, Reading.
Four Crosses. Arms of Lichfield Diocese.

Fox, Fox and Hounds, etc. Sporting signs.
Gate, 178.
Gentle Shepherd, 159.
George and Dragon, 35.
George, 35, 40.
Gipsy Queen. Margaret Finch, buried at Beckenham in 1760.
Gladstone, 191.
Globe. Sign of Portugal Wine Merchants.
Goat, 190.
Goat in Boots, 155.
Golden Fleece, 112.
Golden Ball, 112.
Golden Farmer. A famous highwayman who posed as a farmer.
Golden Lion, 71.
Good Samaritan. Appeals to commercial travellers.
Good Woman. A headless woman. Formerly an oilshop sign.
Goose and Gridiron, 156.
Granby, Marquis of, 192.
Grantley Arms, 6.
Grasshopper, 190.
Green Dragon. Earls of Pembroke.
Green Man. Forester's or Archer's sign.
Grapes, 95.
Greyhound. Heraldic. Tudor sign.
Griffin. Heraldic.
Gun, 62.
Guy of Warwick. Legendary hero.
Half Moon. Heraldic.
Halfpenny House, 157.
Harp. Musician's sign.
Hare and Hounds. Sporting.
Hand in Hand. Originally the sign of a "Marriage Monger."

Hand and Shears. Tailor's sign.
Harrow. Primitive agricultural sign.
Harvest Home. Recalls the harvest supper.
Hawk and Buckle. Heraldic—Pelham family.
Haycock. From incident at Wansford, told by Taylor, the Water Poet.
Heart and Hand. Common alehouse sign.
Hearts of Oak. Ballad sign.
Heaven and Hell. Two famous dining-rooms at Westminster, so named from frescoes on the walls.
Heilk Moon. The crescent moon.
Help Me Through. Whimsical sign.
Hen and Chickens, 156.
Hercules Pillars. Usually indicates a narrow passage at the end of a wide street.
Hind. Crest of Sir Christopher Hatton.
Hit or Miss. Whimsical.
Hob in the Well. From a very old play.
Hobson's Inn. Recalls the benevolent old carrier of Bishopsgate.
Hog in Armour. Whimsical.
Hole in the Wall. Suggests a snug retreat, like the Coal Hole in the Strand.
Holly Tree. Topographical.
Honest Lawyer. Represented without a head.
Honest Miller. Generally in a secluded position. Portrayed on signboard without thumbs.
Hoop. Primitive iron or wood frame for sign.
Hoop and Toy. Probably from a "Toying ground," where "Aunt Sally" and other cockshies were provided.
Hop Pole. Old Alehouse sign.
Hope and Anchor. Perhaps should be "Rope and Anchor."
Horns. Very ancient. Perhaps from the superstition of nailing a horned skull on a gable to avert lightning. Or from the custom of swearing on the Horns.

Horseshoe. Probably heraldic. Three horseshoes are a common Blacksmith's sign.
Horse and Groom; Horse and Jockey Sporting signs.
Hourglass. Whimsical.
Intrepid Fox. Whig sign.
Ivy Bush. Old Wine-house sign.
Jack of Both Sides. An alehouse with entrance from two streets.
Jack of Newbury. John Winchcomb, the famous clothier.
John Bull. From the famous play by George Colman.
Jolly Farmer. Common rural sign.
Key. Perhaps a locksmith's sign.
King and Miller. Ballad sign.
Kitchener, Lord, 193.
King's Arms, 8.
King's Head, 136.
La Belle Sauvage. Originally Savage's Inn, called the Bell.
Labour in Vain. The sign shows a black-boy being washed to make him white.
Lamb. Ecclesiastical.
Lamb and Flag. Usually the Templars.
Lame Dog. 158.
Lattice or Lettuce. Alternative for "Checquers."
Leather Bottle. Wine-house sign.
Leg of Mutton. Whimsical.
Lion and Castle. Sign of dealer in Sherry.
Live and Let Live. Whimsical.
London Apprentice. Ballad sign.
Magpie and Stump, 123.
Maid and Magpie. After the well-known opera.
Maid's Head. Heraldic, but sometimes Queen Elizabeth.
Maidenhead, 190.
Man laden with Mischief, 197.
Man of Ross. John Kyrle.
Man in the Moon. Ballad sign.

Marrowbones and Cleaver. Butcher boy's sign.
Maypole. Old English sign.
Mazeppa. Circus sign, or in honour of Lord Byron.
Mermaid. Merchant's sign.
Myddleton, Sir Hugh. Projector of the New River Scheme.
Mitre. Ecclesiastical.
Mitre and Dove, 123.
Monster. Possibly corruption of Monastery.
Mother Huff. Famous alewife at Hampstead.
Mother Redcap. Possibly Skelton's Eliner Rummyng.
Mother Shipton. Legendary.
Nag's Head. Heraldic.
Nell Gwynne. Common in West London.
Nelson, 192.
Neptune. Mariner's sign.
New Inn, 33.
Nine Elms. Topographical.
Noah's Ark. Sometimes ecclesiastical, but frequently satirical.
North Pole. Nautical Sign.
Old Soldier, 158.
Oldcastle, Sir John. Original of Falstaff.
Ostrich. Vulgarism for Hospice.
Packhorse. Recalls the packhorse ways.
Paul Pry. Peeping Tom. Legendary.
Peacock. Heraldic—Earls of Rutland.
Pelican, 190.
Pickerel. Angler's sign.
Philpott, Toby. Ballad sign.
Pied Bull. Indicates a Bullring or Cattle Market.
Pindar of Wakefield. Ballad sign.
Pig and Whistle, 156.
Plough. Primitive sign.
Pine Apple. Confectioner's sign. According to Larbert dates from about 1770.

Pope's Head, 136.
Portcullis, 62.
Phœnix. Heraldic.
Postboy. House of Call.
Prince of Wales. Edward VII is usually intended.
Punchbowl. Whig sign.
Queen's Arms. Usually Queen Victoria.
Queen's Head, 138.
Quiet Woman. Variation of the Silent Woman.
Rainbow, 124.
Ram. A Clothworker's sign.
Ramping Cat. Probably heraldic. A Cotswold sign.
Raven. Heraldic.
Red Dragon, 62.
Red Hart, 62.
Red Horse. Perhaps Vale of Red Horse, or Vulgarism for Red Cross.
Red Lion, 64.
Reindeer. A seventeenth-century sign.
Rising Sun. Royal Badge.
Robin Hood. With the Couplet: "When Robin Hood is not at home, step in and drink with Little John."
Roebuck. Heraldic.
Rose. Vintner's sign, but sometimes Rose of York or Lancaster.
Rose and Crown, 62.
Royal Oak, 190.
Rum Puncheon. Whig sign.
Running Horse. Hanoverian sign.
St. Blaise. Patron of Weavers.
St. Christopher. Patron of Travellers.
St. George. Pilgrim sign.
St. Crispin. Patron of Shoemakers.
St. Hugh's Bones, 124.
St. John. Usually in connection with the Knights Hospitallers.

St. Julian. Patron of Travellers.
St. Thomas. Usually St. Thomas of Canterbury.
Salutation, 45.
Saracen's Head, 190.
Seven Stars. Often Masonic, but sometimes the Constellation of the Plough or Great Bear.
Seven Sisters. Seven Windows or Seven Trees.
Shakespeare, 142.
Shepherd. Rustic sign.
Ships. Mariner's sign, but occasionally rustic rendering of "Sheep."
Ship and Shovel. Often a Stevedore's sign.
Sieve. Whimsical.
Simon the Tanner. In Bermondsey. Leather worker's sign.
Silent Woman. *See* Good Woman.
Silver Lion, 71.
Smoker, 133.
Spotted Dog. Heraldic. Either Leopard or Talbot.
Soldier and Citizen, 48.
Spread Eagle. Heraldic.
Stag. Religious. Also brewer's sign in Normandy and elsewhere.
Star. Badge of Earls of Surrey and Sussex. Also of Innholders' Company.
Star and Garter. Royal badge.
String of Horses. Suggests old packhorse way.
Sugar Loaf, 112.
Sun. Heraldic. Also Distillers' Company.
Swan and Harp, 156.
Swan with Two Necks. Sign of the Vintners' Company.
Tabard. A herald's coat.
Talbot. Heraldic.
Three Crosses. Three Cross Roads.
Three Compasses. Arms of the Carpenters and Masons.
Three Crowns. 112.

Three Cups. Heraldic.
Three Frogs. Travesty of Royal Arms of France.
Three Horseshoes. Blacksmith's sign.
Three Kings, 112.
Three Loggerheads, 162.
Three Pigeons. Vulgarism for three martlets. Heraldic.
Three Tuns. The Vintners' Arms.
Tiger, 5.
Tiger's Head, 190.
Tom of Bedlam. Character in *King Lear*.
Toy. Possibly a "Cockshy" or "Aunt Sally."
Tumble Down Dick, 190.
Turk's Head. Coffee house sign, but sometimes variation of Saracen's Head.
Two Brewers. A barrel slung between two draymen.
Two Chairmen. House of call for bearers of Sedan Chairs.
Two Spies. Biblical.
Unicorn, 63, 112.
Wheatsheaf, 190.
White Bear. Heraldic. Earls of Kent.
White Boar, 62.
White Hart, 57.
White Lion, 69.
White Swan. Badge of Henry IV.
Woolpack, 111.
Woodman. Usually a forester or verderer.
World Turned Upside-down. Whimsical.
Yorkshire Grey. The famous highwayman's horse.

A LIST OF SOME REMARKABLE INNS

The Numerals refer to pages in the body of the work

Abingdon (Oxon). Red Lion and Old Bell. Ancient, half-timbered. Happy Dick, 190.
Addington (Kent). Angel. Curious solid wood staircase.
Alfriston (Sussex). Star. Exceptionally perfect 15th century pilgrims' inn.
Ashbourne (Derby). Green Man and Black's Head. Fine Gallows sign.
Ash (Kent). Checquers, 96.
Ash Vale (Surrey). Swan. Contains old rat pit.
Aylesbury. George, 160; King's Head, 117; White Horse. Curious.
Aylesford (Kent). Checquers. Half-timbered and quaint.
Banbury (Oxon). Reindeer. Ancient but despoiled.
Barking (Essex). Bull, 24.
Barley (Herts). Fox and Hounds, 159.
Barnby Moor (Notts). Old Bell. Famous Coaching-house.
Barton (Cheshire). Cock. Old panelled dining-room. Hunting resort.
Beckenham (Kent). George. Panelled tap-room.
Bettws-y-Coed. Royal Oak, 162.
Biddenden (Kent). Red Lion, 67.
Bishops Stortford (Herts). Black Lion, 65; Boar's Head, 123; White Horse, 55.
Bletchingley (Surrey). White Hart. Fine chimney corner.
Blewbury (Berks). Man Laden with Mischief, 197.

Birmingham. Marshal Foch, 193; Steam Clock. Formerly a museum.
Bocking (Essex). Dial House. Elizabethan.
Brentford (Middlesex). Red Lion, 84; Three Pigeons, 144.
Brentwood (Essex). White Hart, 59.
Bromley (Kent). White Hart, 59.
Bruton (Somerset). Many good wrought-iron signs.
Bradley (Suffolk). Fox, 206.
Burford (Oxon). Lamb, formerly Hospitium Angulare. Many ancient inns with stone fronts.
Buckden (Hunts). Red Lion, 68; George, 39.
Buntingford (Herts). Adam and Eve, 156.
Bury St. Edmunds. Angel, 47. Cupola house, formerly residence of Daniel Defoe.
Cambridge. Castle and Eagle. Both interesting.
Canterbury. Falstaff, 146; Fountain, 9; Red Lion, 175; Shakespeare, 148.
Caxton (Cambs). Gibbet, 157.
Chaddesley Corbett (Worc). Talbot. 16th century timber-work.
Chalk (Kent). Lord Nelson, 187.
Chelmsford (Essex). Angel, 46; White Hart, 59.
Chelsham (Surrey). White Bear. Huge figure from inn in Piccadilly.
Chester. King Edgar, 189.
Chiddingfold (Surrey). Crown, old-fashioned and well-furnished.
Chichester. Fountain, 98.
Chigwell (Essex). King's Head, 137.
Chilham (Kent). Woolpack, 112.
Clare (Suffolk). Swan. Curious sign.
Clifton Hampden (Oxon). Barley Mow, and Plough. Interesting old thatched inns, 100.
Cobham (Surrey). White Lion, 70.
Cobham (Kent). Leather Bottle. Pickwickian inn.

Coggeshall (Essex). Woolpack. Excellent example of timber-framed Mediæval inn.

Colchester (Essex). Red Lion, 67. Marquis of Granby. Mediæval and curious.

Colnbrook (Bucks). Ostrich. Elizabethan, 34.

Cowden (Kent). Crown, 15.

Crawley (Sussex). George. Gallows sign.

Cricklade (Oxon). Bear. 17th century.

Crowmarsh (Oxon). Old Swan, 163. Bell. Pleasant Elizabethan inn.

Croydon. Cricketers, Stroud Green, 210.

Dartford (Kent). Bull, 25 ; Crown, 14 ; Crown and Anchor 120.

Dedham (Essex). Sun. Old taproom and inn yard.

Denbigh, Hawk and Buckle, 129.

Devizes (Wilts). Black Bear. Good courtyard. Early home of Sir Thomas Lawrence, painter.

Dorchester (Oxon). George. Picturesque old house.

Dorchester (Dorset). White Hart, 59 ; King's Arms. Good coaching house figuring in Thomas Hardy's novels.

Dorking. White Horse, 53 ; King's Arms, possibly home of Mrs. Weller in *Pickwick Papers*, 10.

Downe (Kent). Queen's Head, 140.

Dunkirk (Kent). Red Lion, 68.

Dumfries, N.B. At the Globe are venerated the armchair and punchbowl of the poet, Burns.

Dunster (Somerset). Luttrell Arms. Much good plaster-work.

Eastbourne. Lamb. Very ancient, with crypt.

East Grinstead. Dorset Arms. Old fashioned.

Eastrea (Cambs). Remains of Chapel, 83.

Edenbridge. Crown, 13.

Edmonton. Bell. Associated with Charles Lamb.

Ellastone (Staffs). Bromley Arms ; the Donnethorne Arms of *Adam Bede*.

Esher (Surrey). Bear. Royal posting-house of 1529.

Ewell (Surrey). Bones Gate, 177.
Fairford (Glos.) George. 17th century.
Fakenham (Norfolk). Crown, 9.
Faringdon (Berks). Bell, 82.
Farnborough (Kent). White Lion, 70.
Farnham (Hants). Bush. Said to be the Shrub in Edna Lyall's novels.
William Cobbett was born at the Jolly Farmer.
Feering (Essex). Sun. Some good carved timbers.
Felpham (Sussex). Fox. Old and rambling.
Finedon (N. Hants). Bell, 81.
Fittleworth (Sussex). Swan. Favourite resort for artists and anglers.
Fowey (Cornwall). Fine carved chimney-pieces, ceilings and panelling.
Gad's Hill (Kent). Falstaff, 146.
Glastonbury (Somerset). George, 38.
Gloucester. New Inn, 33.
Godalming. White Hart, 60.
Godstone. White Hart, 60. Bell. Some fine parge-work.
Grantham. Angel, 45. Supposed scene of the impeachment of Buckingham by Richard III. A former landlord subjected the house by will to an annual charge for a sermon on drunkenness.
Groombridge (Kent). Crown, 16.
Guildford (Surrey). Angel, 46; King's Head, 138; White Lion, 70; Bull's Head, 125.
Hale (Surrey). Iron Duke. Modern public-house of good design and arrangement.
Hambledon (Hants). Bat and Ball. Associated with early history of cricket.
Hambridge (Somerset). Village Inn, 164.
Hampton-on-Thames. Red Lion, 68.
Hartfield (Sussex). Anchor. Formerly a kind of Beguinage for old people. Good timber ceilings and open fireplace.

Haslemere (Surrey). Swan. Old fashioned, with ingle-nook.
Hawkhurst (Kent). Queen's Hotel. Well furnished. Enormous bowling-green.
Hayes (Kent). George, 163.
Hemel Hempstead (Herts). King's Arms, galleried inn.
Hempstead (Essex). Crown, 173.
Henley-in-Arden. White Swan, old foundation. Claims to possess the window pane of Shenstone's poem.
Henley-on-Thames. Red Lion. Another claimant for the above, 150. Rainbow, 121.
Hereford. Raven, birthplace of David Garrick.
Herne Hill (Kent). Red Lion, 67.
Hertford. White Hart, 60; Coffee House, 186.
High Easter (Essex). Cock and Bell, 130. Punchbowl. Good example of mediæval church-house, 206.
High Wycombe. Red Lion, 191; Falcon, 191; Woolpack, 111.
Hildenborough (Kent). Old Cock, 153.
Hillingdon (Middlesex). King's Arms (15th century). Red Lion. Here Charles I. rested during flight from Oxford.
Hindhead (Surrey). Fox and Pelican, 163.
Hitchin (Herts). Angel, 46; Coopers' Arms, 117; Red Hart, 60.
Hook (Hants). Old White Hart. Delightful old coaching-house.
Horley (Surrey). Six Bells. Half-timbered. Checquers, a good picture.
Hull. George, 40.
Hungerford (Berks). Three Swans. Old and rambling.
Huntingdon. George, 82; Fountain, 98;
Hurst (Berks). Castle. Old Church house.
Ightham (Kent). George. 16th Century.
Ipswich (Suffolk). Great White Horse, 54.
Kelvedon (Essex). Wheatsheaf (disused). The birth-place of Charles Spurgeon.

Kidderminster. Old Soldier, 158.
King's Norton (Warwick). Saracen's Head. Fine half-timbered house.
Knowle (Warwick). Swan. Well restored. Good sign.
Knutsford (Cheshire). Rose and Crown. 17th Century. George. Fine Assembly room and old furniture.
Lakenheath (Suffolk). Bell, 82 ; church house, 80.
Lavenham (Suffolk). Angel, 47.
Leatherhead (Surrey). Running Horse, 195 ; Rising Sun, Fetcham, 84.
Leeds (Kent). Ten Bells, 134.
Leicester. Blue Boar, formerly White Boar, and associated with fate of Richard III.
Leighton Buzzard (Beds). Sun. Quaint yard, partly thatched. Some other thatched inns.
Lickfold (Sussex). Three Horseshoes. Quaint 17th century.
Lindfield (Sussex). Tiger, 5.
Liphook (Hants). Anchor. Formerly Royal Hunting Lodge.
Long Melford (Suffolk). Bull, 24.
London :
Bankside, S.E. Falcon, 143.
Billingsgate, E.C. Salutation, 48.
Bishopsgate, E.C. White Hart, 62.
Blackheath, S.E. Sun on the Sands. Fine sign-board.
Borough, S.E. Globe, 92 ; King's Head, 136 ; George, 91 ; Queen's Head, 91 ; Tabard, 86 ; Ship and Shovel, 93 ; White Hart, 62.
Bread Street, E.C. Mermaid, 146.
Catford, S.E. Fellowship Inn, 210 ; Green Man, Southend, 210.
Clapham Common, S.W. Old Cock, 148.
Charing Cross Road, W.C. George, 40.
Clerkenwell, E.C. Merlin's Cave, 145.

LIST OF REMARKABLE INNS

London:

Coffee houses, 181.
Covent Garden, W.C. Harp, 146; Shakespeare's Head, 142; Swan, Lamb and Flag, 158;
Drury Lane, W.C. Falstaff, 146.
Eastcheap, E.C. Boar's Head, 120.
Fetter Lane, E.C. White Horse, 54.
Fleet Street, E.C. Cheshire Cheese, 148; Cock, 148; Devil, 148; Sussex Hotel, 148.
Fulham Road, S.W. Goat in Boots, 155.
Hatton Garden, E.C. Mitre. Quaint old house.
Islington, N. Angel, 48; Queen's Head, 139; Old Pied Bull, 139.
Leadenhall Street, E.C. Ship and Turtle, 206.
Lewisham, S.E. White Hart. Effective figure.
Long Acre, W.C. Bird in Hand, 158.
Penge. Crooked Billet, 157.
Piccadilly, W.C. White Horse Cellars, 54.
Shooter's Hill, S.E. Fox under the Hill, 210.
Steelyard, E.C. 114.
Tower Hill, E.C. Crooked Billet, 158.
Waterloo Road, S.E. Wellington Tavern, 210.
Warwick Lane, E.C. Bell, 82.
Welbeck Street, W. White Horse, 54.
Wych Street, W.C. Shakespeare's Head, 143.

Ludlow (Salop). Feathers. Complete example of early Jacobean residence. Angel and Bull also ancient and romantic.

Lungarshall (Sussex). Primitive Church house, 80. Noah's Ark. Quaint house.

Maidstone. Bull and Star, with colonnaded yard. Several interesting smaller inns.

Marlborough. Castle (now part of Marlborough College), 170; Five Alls, 162.

Martlesham (Suffolk). Red Lion. Conspicuous sign.

Merrow (Surrey). Horse and Groom. Built in 1615.

Mickleham (Surrey). Running Horse. Panelled inn, 205.
Middleton (Lancs). Old Boar's Head. Half-timbered and very fine.
Munden, Little (Herts). Bells, 133.
Newark. Many fine old inns. White Hart, 14th century. Saracen's Head, title deeds refer back to 1341.
Newington (Kent). George, formerly Falstaff, 146.
Newport (Essex). Coach and Horses. Frequented by Nell Gwynne, Rochester and Buckingham.
Norwich. Maid's Head. Fine Elizabethan inn, with some earlier work. Dolphin at Heigham, formerly Bishop's Palace. Lord Kitchener, 193.
Norton St. Philip (Somerset). George, 37.
Nottingham. Ram. Said to have existed in time of King Stephen. Salutation, 46.
Otford (Kent). Bull, 23.
Ospringe (Kent). Ship, 34. Crown, 14.
Oundle (Northants). Talbot. Built out of the ruins of Fotheringay Castle.
Oxford. Golden Lion. Old-fashioned yard. Mitre. Traditional in undergraduate literature.
Pinner (Middlesex). Queen's Head, 140.
Pleshey (Essex). White Horse. Old brew-house.
Plumbley (Cheshire). Smoker, 133.
Porlock (Somerset). Ship. Picturesque thatched house.
Portsmouth. George. Old-fashioned "Nelson" house. Dolphin and Fountain. Familiar in 18th century dramas.
Reading. George. Fine quadrangle and staircase.
Reculvers (Kent). King Ethelbert, 189.
Redbourne (Herts). Bull. Coaching-house. Checquers, 96.
Ribchester (Lancs). White Bull, 84.
Richmond (Yorks). Halfpenny House, 157.
Ripley (Surrey). Anchor. Favourite cyclist house.
Rochester. Bull, 23; Crown, 10; George, Old foundation.

Roehampton (Surrey). King's Head, 137.
Romford Common (Essex). Plough, 210.
Rosneath, N.B. Ferry Hotel, 163.
Rowsley (Derby). Peacock, built in 1652. Anglers' resort.
Royston (Herts). Fragments of many old inns. Checquers. 96.
Saffron Walden. Sun. Fine plaster sign.
St. Albans. George, 38 ; White Hart, 60, 171 ; Bull, 23 ; Fighting Cocks, 129 ;
Salisbury. George, 40. White Hart. Fine Coaching Inn. Several old inns in market place.
Sandbach (Cheshire). Black Bear. Fine example of Cheshire half-timber work. Old Hall and Bear's Head also very interesting.
Sandwich (Kent). King's Arms. Dates from 1613.
Sarre (Kent). Crown, 98.
Scole (Norfolk). White Hart, 60.
Seend (Wilts). Barge, 206.
Sherborne (Dorset). Sun. Mediæval inn under shadow of Minster.
Shipton-under-Wychwood (Oxon). Crown, 14.
Shrewsbury. Raven. Old foundation. Unicorn. Tudor half-timbered house. String of Horses. Old and quaint.
Sissinghurst (Kent). Bull, 153.
Sittingbourne (Kent). Red Lion, 67.
Slapestones (Yorks). Checquers, 97.
Sleaford (Lincs). Black Bull. Fine sign.
Smallfield (Surrey). Plough. Rustic. Ingle-nook.
Southampton. King Canute, 189.
Southweald (Essex). Golden Fleece. Jacobean, excellent example.
Southwell (Notts). Saracen's Head. Delightful inn yard with massive gates. Here Charles I. surrendered to the Scots in 1646.
Speldhurst (Kent). George, 38, 67 ; Red Lion, 67.

Stamford (Lincs). Fine historic house, well restored. Gallows sign, 38.

Stevenage (Herts). White Lion and Red Lion, 71.

Stilton (Hants). Bell. Good copper sign. Cooper Thornhill, an old-time landlord, introduced the so-called Stilton cheese.

Stoke Mandeville (Bucks). Black Horse, 84.

Stratford-on-Avon. Red House, 56, 146.

Sudbury (Suffolk). Bull, 24; White Horse, 53.

Sunbury (Middlesex). Flower Pot, 47.

Sutton Valence (Kent). Queen's Head, 140.

Tarporley (Cheshire). Swan. Headquarters Cheshire Hunt.

Thame (Oxon). King's Head (now Nag's Head). Sign once used as a gallows by Parliamentary soldiers.

Thetford. Bell, 79.

Tonbridge (Kent). Checquers, 96.

Towcester (Northants). Saracen's Head, 34.

Troutbeck (Cambs.) Village Inn, 163.

Truro. Red Lion. Here Foote the comedian was born.

Uffington (Berks). Craven Arms. Associated with the Scouring of the White Horse.

Upper Dicker (Sussex). Plough, 97.

Upware (Cambs.) Quaint little inn on river Cam, bearing the sign: "Five Miles from Anywhere."

Uxbridge (Middlesex). Crown and Treaty. Elizabethan inn. Scene of negotiations between Charles I and Parliament in 1645.

Wallingford. Lamb. Fine old house of various dates.

Walsingham. Black Lion.

Waltham St. Lawrence (Berks). Bell, 82.

Waltham Cross (Herts). Four Swans, Fine gallows sign, 174. Note also Roman urn.

Wantage (Berks). Bear. Fine sign. King Alfred, 189.

Ware (Herts). Bull's Head. Jacobean. White Hart, 60.

Warehorne (Kent). Woolpack, 111.

LIST OF REMARKABLE INNS

Wargrave (Berks). George and Dragon, 162.
Warlingham (Surrey). White Lion, 70.
Watford (Herts). Angel, 46.
West Wycombe (Bucks). Church House, 81.
Whitchurch (Hants). White Hart. Here Cardinal Newman is said to have commenced his *Lyra Apostolica*.
Whittlesford (Cambs). Red Lion, 85. Anciently part of hostel of St. John for Travellers.
Winchcombe (Glos.) George. Remains of galleries. Old Pilgrims' inn.
Winchester. George. Very ancient ; Black Swan. Quaint sign.
Wingham (Kent). Red Lion. Contains early 14th century Courtroom. Spotted Dog. Portion of 15th century College.
Winterslow (Wilts). At the Winterslow Hut or Pheasant, William Hazlitt, the essayist, lodged for many years.
Witham (Essex). White Hart. Fine copper sign.
Withyham (Sussex). Dorset Arms. Delightful 17th century house.
Wokingham (Berks). Rose, 150.
Wymondham (Norfolk). Green Dragon, 31, 38.
Wymondley, Great (Herts). Green Man, owned by same family for over 200 years.
Yarmouth (I. of W.) Pier and Castle, formerly George. Fine old house.
York. Black Swan. Famous old gabled coaching-house.

Printed by Burleigh Ltd., at The Burleigh Press, *Bristol*